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Sports Illustrated

FEBRUARY 23, 1981 \$1.50

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LETTER FROM THE PUBLISHER



LEGGETT MARKS TO THE HORSE'S MOUTH

No sooner had Temperence Hill put his nose across the finish line to win the Belmont Stakes, the final Triple Crown race, last spring, than Senior Writer William Leggett started watching the 2-year-old races in preparation for this year's long run to the Kentucky Derby. Last week, with the 2-year-olds now 3-year-olds, Leggett's pre-Derby peregrinations took him to Santa Anita in California for the San Vicente Stakes (page 58). "It's like waking up in a strange attic and pulling things out of a trunk," says Leggett. "You might come up with a Seattle Slew, or you might get a Great Redeemer." (Great Redeemer was a long shot who finished dead last in the 1979 Derby.)

Leggett has been with SI since 1956, has covered horse racing full time since 1976 and has yet to tout a Great Redeemer. After all, he has had a lot of experience watching horses, fast and slow (after the track announcer shouts "They're off!" Bill will invariably wryly mutter, "Most of them"). He was born and raised in Saratoga Springs, N.Y., where one of his first jobs was as a combination car-parker and tout-sheet peddler at the track.

He has gone to the races ever since, seeming to materialize out of the pre-dawn fog on the backstretch. His pace is unhurried and his voice so soft one almost has to strain to hear him. This last trait is a special advantage in the madness of Derby Week, when hordes of reporters—last year Cchurchill Downs issued 1,400 press credentials—hang around the trainers. It's nearly impossi-

ble to get quotes that aren't recorded by 12 other people, but a person being interviewed in a whisper is unlikely to belittle his answer. SI's Demmie Stathopoulos, who often assists Leggett on the racing beat, says, "I have to be practically glued to his side to hear what he and the person being interviewed are saying. In fact, it took me about two years to figure out how Leggett gets his information. First of all, he never appears to be working. This is deceptive—he is a master of the interview. Rather than approach a trainer directly, Bill will sort of drift to the man's side and stand there, arms crossed, an unconcerned look on his face. You have to know him well to realize he's asking questions. He has an uncanny ability to talk without moving his lips."

Leggett is as enigmatic at play as he is at work. Over the years he has been known to wager a dollar or two on the outcome of a race, and even to show a profit on his investment. But in 1977, when Seattle Slew won the Triple Crown, Bill found himself in the throes of a losing streak that just wouldn't quit. Tension among other staffers at the Derby that year was alleviated considerably by his efforts to change his luck, but to this day we do not know whether he really gave a groundkeeper \$5 to bury a pair of his socks in the Churchill Downs infield.

The special editorial section on American Renewal, which begins on page 62, is being reprinted along with the special sections in Time Inc.'s other magazines: TIME, LIFE, FORTUNE, MONEY, PEOPLE and DISCOVER (about 20 articles in all, some 140 pages).

These reprints may be obtained at cost (\$1.50 per copy) by sending a check or money order to the address below. Special bulk-order rates are available; for information call 312-329-7117 or write to the address below.

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Philip D. Howard



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The magazine you're now reading contains just part of the series of more than 20 stories on "American Renewal." They're being published in the issues of TIME, SPORTS ILLUSTRATED, PEOPLE, and DISCOVER that appear on newsstands the week of Feb. 16; in LIFE and FORTUNE the week of Feb. 23; and in the March MONEY.

We urge you to read them all, and then make up your own mind about where you fit into solving America's problems.

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Education. Twelve ways to improve the quality of American education without spending an immense amount of money. And picture stories on how three high schools raised themselves by their own bootstraps. LIFE.

Pioneers. The new American pioneers—from a lawyer who took up farming near the Arctic Circle to a company president who quit to develop a mountaintop "windmill farm." LIFE.

Competition. Sports competition *can* contribute to success in later life. But are we overemphasizing "win-at-all-costs"—at the expense of teamwork, self-discipline, and fair play? SPORTS ILLUSTRATED.

Business. Restoring America's competitive edge—how government and business management must change their ways if U.S. industry is to win back markets at home and abroad. FORTUNE.

Tax cuts. We need the *right* kind of tax cuts to

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Equality. It's time to reassess the pursuit of equality for blacks, other minorities, and women. What should our goals be? What's working and what isn't? FORTUNE.

Inflation. What will be the dollars-and-cents impact on you of anti-inflation measures? Your sacrifices? Your gains? MONEY.

Investment. The U.S. can't grow unless Americans start saving more and spending less. Here are the specifics of your stake in boosting investment. MONEY.

What's right? Yes, a lot of things *do* work right in this country. You'll find it a surprising and heart-warming list. MONEY.

The family. Meet the Brophys of Colorado, three generations working a family farm and finding new ways to stay together during times of change. Also, the problems of single-parent families are explored in the story of a Pittsburgh steelworker who's raising a teenage daughter alone. And, how the American family is changing. What can we do about it? Seven experts give their sometimes controversial views. PEOPLE.

Voluntarism. One person *can* make a difference, and here are seven inspiring people whose lives prove it. PEOPLE.

Energy. The nation's energy problems *can* be solved. Here's the science that could make it possible. DISCOVER.

Space. Does America have a future in space? In effect, we're closing down our space effort. But can we afford to? DISCOVER.

Science. The scientific discoveries we've made so far only show how much we don't know. Famed essayist Dr. Lewis Thomas makes the case for more and better-funded basic research. DISCOVER.

Please share with us in the search for a Reunited States of America, and in our belief that if solutions are thinkable, they're also doable.

Look for this symbol on the "American Renewal" issues of all our magazines.

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TIME LIFE FORTUNE MONEY PEOPLE
SPORTS ILLUSTRATED DISCOVER



Sideline

by MICHAEL BAUGHMAN

A PHOTO-FORGER CONFESSES HIS SINS
AND DISCOVERS THAT HE IS NOT ALONE

It was about 15 years ago that I began to write outdoor articles. One of my first was an account of steelhead fishing that I submitted to a regional magazine, and when word came back from the editor that he would buy the piece only if I could supply some black-and-white photographs to accompany the text, I was elated.

So, the following weekend, my wife, Hilde, and I set out for a nearby river with my fishing tackle, a fairly good German camera I had won as a poker game in the Army and a couple of rolls of film. The plan was for me to hook a fish and Hilde to snap the photos as I played and landed it.

The plan didn't work. I fished through most of the day without a strike. There was no more than an hour of good light left when I decided to do something that has left me feeling vaguely guilty through all the ensuing years: I faked the pictures. It wasn't awfully difficult, either.

For playing-the-fish shots, I tied a two-pound stone to the end of my fly-line leader. At a scenic bend in the river—rocky on my side, fir trees on the opposite bank—I stationed myself at the water's edge with Hilde on a boulder above me and just upstream, the sun directly behind her.

Then, with 20 feet of fly line stripped from the reel, I would toss the stone out into the middle of the stream and quickly strike a pose with my rod before it hit the water. Hilde tried to click the shutter just as the line tightened and the stone disappeared beneath the surface. She was too quick a few times, too slow a few others, but we got some shots in which it appeared that the splash had been made by a fish. We also took a couple with a much larger stone tied to the leader, and with that stone on the river bottom and the rod bowed nearly double, it looked as if I were battling quite a steelhead.

We finished the job the next day at a creek near our home, where we took some close-ups of the landing of the steelhead. For these we used the resin mold of a 10-pound fish that I had made a year earlier following the instructions in McClane's *Standard Fishing Encyclopedia*. I was a little worried that the unbreakable mold would look the same in every shot. But by varying the angle and the light, we came up with three or four reasonably convincing exposures. The photos passed editorial inspection, and the story sold.

I kept the shameful secret to myself for a couple of years. Then a friend of mine wrote

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a grouse-hunting article. The editor he sent it to responded that he couldn't use the text without accompanying photographs.

Frankly, I was glad—as I suppose most sinners are—to have the opportunity to corrupt a friend. We went out and got the usual shots of a dog at point (pointing a pheasant wing we had hidden as a bush), the expectant hunter walking up behind the dog for the flush of the bird. Next I took a few of my friend bringing the gun to his shoulder. For the obligatory photo of a gunner bringing down a bird in flight, we used a dusty old mounted grouse that we had bought for a few dollars at a hardware store. With the wooden pedestal removed, I tossed the thing in the air time after time, and my friend blasted away at it. After using half a box of shells there wasn't much left of the bird, but we got what we were after—the hunter at the moment of the shot, the dog looking skyward and the bird (though barely recognizable) outlined in a puff of feathers 20 yards out against the trees.

So I had a companion in guilt for the next 10 years. During that time I continued writing outdoor stories, but never again did I submit phony photographs with them.

Then, in 1978, something happened that made me feel a good deal better. I had an article published in *Gray's Sporting Journal*, and while leafing through a copy of the issue, I came across an exposé of outdoor photography by Charles F. Waterman. In it, Waterman—himself a photojournalist—explained how some of his colleagues would hire divers to throw dead fish up through the surface of the water for those leaping-fish pictures (apparently you have to use a lot of film in such a setup, because the timing is difficult and in many of the shots the diver's hands will show); how upland birds with fishing line tied to their legs are released time and again, continually dragged back down to earth for another flight, another hunting photo; how stuffed animals and mounted birds are used for some of the spectacular layouts featured in wildlife magazines.

Sure enough, when I began to study published outdoor photographs carefully, I was surprised at what I saw. For instance, in a pheasant-hunting article in a national magazine, there was a traditional color photo showing a hunter with his expensive shotgun halfway up, an apparently just-flashed bird a few yards out ahead of him over an exceedingly picturesque grain field. It looked a little too good to be true, and it was. Examination under a magnifying glass showed that the pheasant—apparently a bird stuffed in an attitude of flight—had been suspended over the field on monofilament line.

My education continued at the meeting of a fishing club I was invited to. After two or three drinks, I fell into conversation with a successful producer of outdoor movies. I complimented him on one of his efforts—a film that dealt in part with a river I knew fairly

well—but I also told him I was surprised at the size of a trout he had shown being landed from that stream, a fish twice as big as anything I'd ever caught there myself. "Well," he said with a smile, "don't feel bad. That trout came from another stream. We caught it and dumped it into a garbage can full of water, and then drove like hell to get to where we had the cameras set up."

When I asked him if that sort of thing was fairly common, he admitted it was, and even gave me a few examples, the most interesting of which concerned some work he had done with a bass fisherman in a rowboat on a lake. He needed footage of a fish running line from the reel, and managed it by setting up his camera in another boat between the fisherman and shore. Then the fisherman's line was tied to the collar of a Labrador retriever sitting at the water's edge, and the dog's master was stationed 50 yards back from the water. When the master whistled, the Lab sprinted to him, line whirling off the reel as the camera rolled.

I certainly don't mean to imply by this that outdoor writers are never guilty of transgressions in prose. Even those of us who have given up photography and consider ourselves essentially honest misrepresent our experiences now and then. Quite naturally, we tend to write about the exceptional days afield—the times when fish rise willingly, when game is abundant, when something out of the ordinary happens. All those other days—when we fall into the river instead of wading gracefully across it, when every third back cast tangles in a tree, when opportunities are missed or wasted and every plan fails miserably—are not apt to make good reading, so we usually ignore them.

Worse, though, are sins of commission—exaggerations and outright lies. Once I spent a summer working at a steelhead fishing lodge, and while I was there a writer showed up to do a story for a national outdoor magazine. He had never fished the river before, and only stayed two days. I kept my eye on him, and, in truth, he wasn't much of an angler. In fact, I never saw him hook a thing.

But when his story appeared months later, it depicted a day during which he had landed better than a dozen steelhead, the largest of them 15 pounds—an accomplishment I would rate as comparable to a rookie shortstop batting in 100 runs.

The obvious fact is that the editors of the magazines in which such stories appear believe that their readers want furious action and are glibly enough to believe what they are told and what they think they see.

I can't imagine that the situation will ever change, but perhaps all those involved in the production of outdoor stories, photos and movies should be asked to submit to lie-detector tests at the completion of each assignment. Though that will never happen, it would certainly be amusing to get a look at some test results.

END

RONRICO

The taste that could start a gold rush.



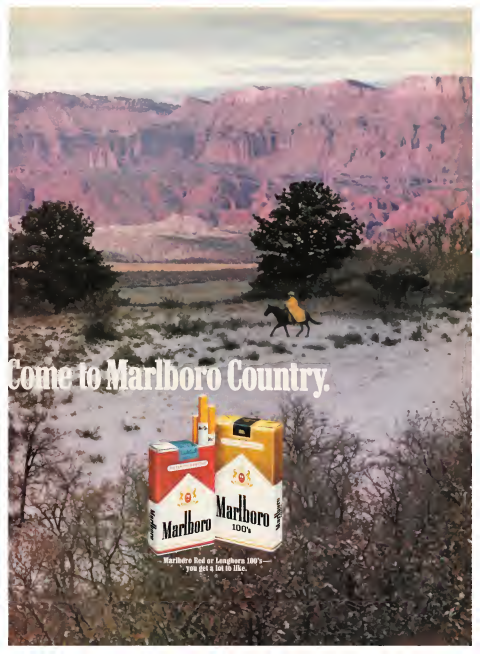
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Michelob Light.

SCORECARD

Edited by JERRY KIRSHENBAUM

AGENT KUBAS' CRYSTAL BALL

The California Bureau of Organized Crime and Criminal Intelligence is in the practice of placing small bets with bookmakers as a means of gathering evidence against them. During a recent four-month investigation into a suspected illegal gambling ring in San Diego, undercover agent Walter Kubas found it necessary to place two dozen bets on sports events totaling some \$30,000, an unusually large sum for the bureau to be wagering. After three suspects were arrested, the bureau revealed that it had prudently, if rather unsportingly, hedged its bets. Every time Kubas placed a wager with the bookies in San Diego, another agent crossed the border into Nevada, where such gambling is legal, and put money on the other team, thereby reducing the bureau's possible loss to the "vigorous" that bookies pocket for accepting bets. A bureau spokesman issued a statement about the case that sounded, no doubt unwittingly, like a ringing vote of no confidence in Agent Kubas' ability to pick winners. The practice of placing offsetting bets, the spokesman said, "certainly saved the state and the taxpayers a lot of money."

CRACKING DOWN ON THE SPRING TOUR

The long arm of the NCAA has put a stranglehold on high school all-star basketball games. These showcases for graduating schoolboy hotshots have inevitably become battlefields in the recruiting war among college coaches. There are scores of such games each spring, and promoters scramble to line up top players to participate in them. It's not unknown for a coveted prospect to go on what amounts to a tour, playing in a dozen or more games. Not surprisingly, the games attract hordes of scouts, coaches, agents and glad-handers.

The NCAA first placed restrictions on all-star games involving high school athletes two decades ago, but only on those scheduled between completion of the players' senior year and the start of

college. But last year, the NCAA went further, holding that a college-bound athlete would forfeit his first year of NCAA eligibility if he performed in unapproved high school all-star games scheduled anytime after completion of the season in that sport, which means, in the case of basketball, in March, April and May, the months in which the games usually are held. To be approved, games would have to be sanctioned either by the appropriate state high school federations or the NCAA itself. And the NCAA would only sanction games played for the benefit of charitable or educational organizations. Also, interstate games would be confined to players from two adjacent states. That last proviso puts a crimp in "national" games such as Pittsburgh's Dapper Dan Roundball Classic, which pits a team of Pennsylvania blue chippers against one consisting of U.S. all-stars. The NCAA also limited high school students to two all-star appearances each.

Rich Hunter, the NCAA's assistant director of championships, says the new rules were designed to reduce classroom absenteeism on the part of high school athletes, which is certainly a commendable objective. But if that were the only concern, the NCAA need only have adopted its new two-games-per-player limitation. By also ruling that sanctioned events must have a charitable or educational beneficiary and must involve only players from neighboring states, the NCAA was obviously trying to deemphasize and decommercialize the games. Bob Geoghan, director of the McDonald's Capital Classic in Landover, Md., a game whose reputation rivals that of the Dapper Dan, says the crackdown may also reflect the fact that "a lot of college coaches are tired of chasing kids all over the country. Even if a boy is signed, coaches feel that they have to put in an appearance just to let him know they're still interested."

Arguing that they couldn't change their plans on such short notice, orga-

nizers of several games, including the Dapper Dan and the McDonald's Classic, have received waivers from the NCAA to stage their events as scheduled in 1981. Things could be different next year. Some all-star games may fold, and the Dapper Dan Club, the charity that sponsors Pittsburgh's big game, expects to change its format so that Pennsylvania all-stars henceforth will play not U.S. stars, but a team from, say, neighboring Ohio or New York. Lamenting that the new rules will destroy some of the event's glamour, Ray Burnett, the club's secretary-treasurer, says plaintively, "The national all-star game has become the dinosaur of the 1980s."

DIMPLE POWER

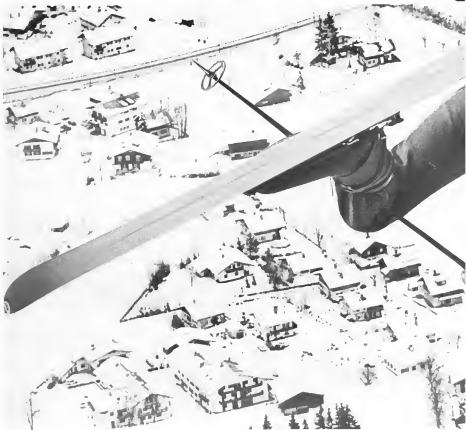
It could be as hot as the Prince racket or it could quickly land on the scrap heap



next to the tricolored basketball. Either way, the SSK baseball glove now being introduced in this country is certainly distinctive. The pocket of each glove is dotted with 300 tiny holes that are said to halt the spin of the ball, making for a surer catch. SSK markets a full line of pockmarked fielders' gloves for baseball and softball, and it doesn't just stop there. Also sporting the chicken-pox look is SSK's line of leather grips, which supposedly give a surer grasp and are available for baseball and softball bats as well as for tennis, squash and racquetball rackets. And please don't laugh. SSK America, Inc. is merely trying to accomplish in the United States what its parent company, SSK Sasaki Company, Ltd., has already achieved in Japan. There, thanks largely to what it calls "Dimple Power"—dimples presumably

continued

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SCORECARD *continued*

being more marketable than pockmarks—Sasaki has enjoyed a rapid growth in business and now ranks second in the sale of baseball equipment only to the giant Mizuno Corporation.

KIDNAPPED

Newspaper stories reporting the death of John Gerber on Jan. 26 in Houston at the age of 74 accurately described him as a well-known bridge champion and a powerful figure in bridge politics. However, the obituaries didn't relate the story Gerber shared with only a few intimates about what supposedly happened to him in gangster-ridden Chicago on July 6, 1933 after he was announced the winner of a major tournament, the Culbertson Gold Cup.

As Gerber told it, he answered a knock on his hotel-room door late that evening and was greeted by two strangers, who forced him to leave with them. They took Gerber to a room in another hotel, where three men were playing bridge. Apparently one of them, a tough operator accustomed to getting his way, had decided he wanted the Gold Cup winner as a partner. Gerber was never told the stakes, but the game ended two days later with Gerber and his partner winning. The grateful partner shipped Gerber \$1,000 and cautioned him not to tell anybody about the incident.

Gerber's kidnapping went unnoticed at the time, though a number of people had tried calling him at his hotel during his absence. His luggage and clothes were still in the room, and the unsuspecting hotel management kept saying he was out. As it happened, one of Gerber's most urgent callers was a Gold Cup official who wanted to report that there had been a scoring error and that Gerber had been the tournament runner-up, not the winner. Which meant that the kidnappers had seized the wrong man.

SOFT ASSIGNMENT

It was Indiana Basketball Coach Bobby Knight who issued the now-famous put-down of sportswriters: "All of us learn to write by the second grade, then most of us go on to other things." And it's Gary Tuell who has amended Knight's aphorism thusly: "Better late than never." In 1978, after having worked for 10 years as a sportswriter at *The Louisville Courier-Journal* and sports information director at the University of Louisville, Tuell, then 31, decided he wanted to en-

ter the ministry and learned that the Cincinnati Bible College was looking to fill some positions in its athletic department. Tuell applied and was accepted as a student—and as the school's athletic director and basketball coach.

The former sportswriter has been a coaching sensation. The year before Tuell arrived, Cincinnati Bible had a 5-18 record, but it improved to 10-13 during his first season and to 26-8 last year. This season the team has a 24-2 record, is ranked second in the National Christian College Athletic Association's Division II and has earned a berth in that organization's championships next month in Clarks Summit, Pa. Tuell attributes his success to his friendship at Louisville with Coach Denny Crum and Athletic Director Bill Olsen, a former assistant to Crum. "I was at practice quite a bit and at all home and road games," he says. "I watched closely what Denny and Bill did. I just had an opportunity to put to use the things I learned."

Asked to compare sportswriting and coaching, Tuell offers an assessment that might give Knight pause. "Writing's harder," he says. "In coaching, we have at least a day or several days to prepare for a basketball game. In writing, you don't have any time to prepare. A writer has to organize his thoughts after a game and under a great deal of pressure. I haven't found anything difficult about coaching. I think it's easy. This is a fun job." As one might expect of somebody who's preparing for the pulpit, Tuell has the good grace to refrain from cruelly suggesting that coaching is something even a second-grader might enjoy.

AND AVERT YOUR EYES, PLEASE

After reporting a long list of men's college basketball results the other night, the Associated Press urgently moved the following correction: "Editors: Please disregard the Northwest Nazarene-Puget Sound score previously filed. IT WAS A WOMEN'S BASKETBALL GAME."

PIRIE REAPPEARS

As a leading distance runner in the '50s and early '60s, Britain's Gordon Pirie competed in three Olympics, winning a silver medal in the 5,000 at Melbourne in '56 and setting world records the same year in that event and the 3,000 meters. Pirie also had a knack for stirring up controversy. He once complained loudly

continued



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SCORECARD continued

about having been slighted in a British sportsman-of-the-year vote and later ruffled feathers by competing against a black runner in segregated Rhodesia. In 1961 he turned professional with a bang, revealing that he had accepted money for running and bidding "farewell to the sham world of amateurism." Then he went to Spain, where he attracted attention by running solo against, and losing to, a relay team consisting of two obscure Spaniards in a race covering 100 laps of a bull ring. After that, he more or less disappeared.

But not completely. Now 49 years old and a secondary-school math teacher in Auckland, New Zealand, Pirie recently surprised the British Amateur Athletics Association, with which he had to deal in the matter because he still holds a British passport, by applying for reinstatement as an amateur. When that body at first balked, Pirie flashed some of his old fire by writing a letter accusing it of waging a "personal vendetta" against him. He also argued that "under various guises," many of today's leading trackmen probably receive "10 to 1,000 times as much money as I ever saw directly or indirectly from athletics, but they are all 'amateurs' with your stamp of approval." Relenting, the association finally reinstated Pirie in December.

And why did Pirie want his amateur status back? Last week he arrived in the U.S. with a top New Zealand roadrunner he has been coaching, 22-year-old Debbie Elsmore. Elsmore plans to race in the U.S. and Pirie wanted to be reinstated so he could do likewise. Pirie says he means to run on the U.S. circuit by way of training for a spot on his adopted country's team at the world orienteering championships in Switzerland in September. Besides, he says, "Road racing is fun and exciting." His arrival on the circuit should make it a little more of both.

THEY SAID IT

• Chris Bahr, Oakland Raider placekicker: "My wife calls me 'Much-Maligned.' She thinks that's my first name. Every time she reads a story about me, that's always in front of my name."

• Bush Thomas, Indiana's star guard, after he and his teammates were paid a pregame visit in their locker room by Old Grad Donald Sharrer, one of the 52 Americans held hostage in Iran: "It's a shame he had to go through all that just to see an I U basketball game."

END

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Sports Illustrated

FEBRUARY 23, 1991





HATS OFF TO THE KING

Richard Petty, sovereign of the speedways, let the race go to the swift for most of the way, then gambled and won his seventh Daytona 500

by SAM MOSES

Even though he had won the Daytona 500 six times in his 22-year career and no one else had won it more than twice, it was something of a surprise to see Richard Petty in Victory Circle Sunday afternoon following the 23rd running of NASCAR's premier race. Most unpleasantly surprised of the 100,000 people on hand was Bobby Allison, who had figured, along with virtually everyone else, that all he had to do to get there was to stay away from trouble and run good. Allison's Pontiac had been fastest in practice, fastest in time trials (194.624 mph), first in a qualifying race, fastest for 174 laps of the main event's 200 laps. Indeed, fastest so easily that in the middle of the race fellow driver Darrell Waltrip had said, "Bobby's just playing with the guys."

Well, 43-year-old Richard Petty beat Allison to the finish line by four seconds, and Bobby had run real good. But King Richard had run a little smarter. As Allison sat dejected on his workbench back in the garage, it was almost with mordant satisfaction that he said, "Looks like Petty was just playing with the guys. Everybody was accusing me of sandbagging all week; well, they better look for some-

one else now—the No. 1 sandbagger of all time."

"It wasn't particularly sandbagging," said Petty. "We was just sort of waiting for an opportunity and when it came we took advantage of it." And that was as good a definition of sandbagging as any.

After the drivers had spent almost a decade and a half learning all the speed secrets of "full-size" cars, NASCAR up and mandated that "down-sized" American cars be used in its major racing division this year, simply because Detroit is making more of them. These cars have a wheelbase of 110 inches, five inches shorter than their predecessors. But five inches may as well be a mile when building a racing car, and there had been worry that the shorter cars would be less stable. Daytona being the first race under the new specs—and its high-banked, 2.5-mile, tri-oval configuration being the most demanding track on the circuit—trouble could come quickly.

It did. The new cars immediately made their mark in history as the most squirrely ever to be dropped on a superspeedway.

"Loose" is a stock car term that describes a car whose rear end continued



Connie Saylor's Olds spun in a qualifying race

KING RICHARD continued

slides a lot, and the new cars were so loose that if they were people they would've been double-jointed. Horror stories of 190-mph slides spread through the garages. Waltrip said racing a downsized car was like motoring with flat tires at 70 mph on a crowded freeway. His crew told him they would point a gun at his head to get him in the driver's seat if they had to. "And if you come back before practice is over, we're gonna shoot," they said as he pulled away.

Something was causing the rear ends of the cars to get light; one mechanic swore he could see daylight under Cale Yarborough's rear tires as he came off Turn 4. "You know, a damn airplane only has to be going 50 mph to take off, and these cars are going 190," said David Iff, Yarborough's crew chief.

Evidence as to the cause of the problem seemed to point to the new cars' square rooflines. Instead of allowing air to flow down over the trunks, as was the case with the older cars—all of which had sloping rear windows—the wind shot straight back off the roof, creating a vacuum over the trunk that sucked the car upward. Also, there is more side-window area in the new generation of cars, and at 190 mph air would rush into the driver's compartment, only to be dammed up against the rear window and actually push up on the roof of the car. Aerodynamically, they were "accidents waiting to happen," A.J. Foyt grumbled.

It wasn't a long wait. In Thursday's



Then, somersaulting out of Turn 2, Saylor stood on his nose as Ronnie Sanders safely drove past

first 125-mile qualifying race a strong wind was blowing, and two cars flipped in the weirdest—and scariest—pair of crashes many drivers had ever seen. The cars, driven by John Anderson and Connie Saylor (both of whom walked away from their wrecks), first spun out, then, while still sliding, soared into the air upside down, as if they had been yanked up by a giant sky hook.

Waltrip, who won the second qualifier in his Buick Regal, watched one of the flips on closed-circuit TV. "You see that car coming off the ground?" he shouted. "They ain't supposed to do that! Those suckers weigh 3,700 pounds!"

Though Petty's STP Buick Regal was

handling better than most of the other cars—thanks to his cousin Dule Inman, who is in charge of tuning the chassis—only Allison had been untroubled by a fear of flying. Allison had shown up at Daytona with a sloped-roof Pontiac LeMans, a car doomed to be discontinued by GM after 1981. It proved to be the fastest dinosaur on wheels, as Allison easily won the first qualifying race.

Racing the LeMans was the idea of Allison's crew chief, Waddell Wilson. They had tested a square-roofed Oldsmobile Cutlass, but decided the design had serious problems. So they secretly built the LeMans: 12 men working 11½ hours a day, seven days a week since mid-

November, with only Christmas off. They painted it black and silver, named it the Silver Streak and went to Daytona.

Then they wheeled it off the trailer. "What's this?" the other crews shouted. "A sloped roof? That's not fair! NASCAR told us there would be no sloped-roof cars this year."

Allison made a few hot laps, came back smiling and said, "Loose? You mean you guys are loose?" The controversy was on. Daytona wouldn't be Daytona without one; nor would it be so much fun.

Most of the teams thought the whole deal was fishy; they felt set up by NASCAR, and many were mad. Said Junior Johnson, owner of Waltrip's Buick, "NASCAR advised a lot of people not to build a LeMans." Other crews went further; some even accused Dick Beatty,

Not everyone begrudged Wilson his coupe. Said Inman, "Maybe Waddell just did his homework. I sure wouldn't mind being the only LeMans out here."

Eventually, NASCAR officials, bowing to pressure from all its stars except Allison—and the sight of cars spinning and flipping—allowed larger rear spoilers to go on the cars. They would increase downforce on the rear tires, but after a brief testing session, many drivers were not convinced the problem was anywhere near solved.

Even Allison was skeptical. "It's going to take a great deal of professionalism to keep all those cars going in the same direction," he said, though one couldn't help feeling that Allison was worrying more about the direction of other cars than his own.

There is a great deal of professionalism among NASCAR drivers when they get behind the wheel, and despite the squirrely cars and 40-mph wind, the 500 was fast, clean and safe. It was a typical NASCAR race for those first 174 laps, with 49 lead changes among nine drivers. Allison led for 90 laps, seriously challenged only by his protégé, Neil Bonnett, who was driving the Wood Brothers Thunderbird. But Bonnett had tire trouble, and the resulting vibration bounced his car to death. He finally retired on Lap 123. Waltrip, Foyt and David Pearson suffered blown engines; Yarborough was taken out of the hunt by a cut tire. Allison was left with what looked like a clear advantage over Petty and the rest of the strong survivors: Ricky Rudd, Buddy Baker and Dale Earnhardt, who would finish third, fourth and fifth, respectively.

On the 174th lap the sand in the bag

shifted. Allison ran out of gas on the backstretch. Having led 32 of the previous 40 laps, he had used more than his crew figured, because leading uses more gas than following. It was Allison's only mistake. He coasted onto pit row as Rudd, Baker and Earnhardt sped by on their way into the pits for their final stops. Allison's crew changed right-side tires and dumped in two cans of gas, the same drill the others performed, costing each between 16 to 22 seconds. Inman watched Allison's stop and knew this was Petty's opportunity; when Richard blasted into the pits two laps later, his crew skipped the tire change and added just one quick can of gas. Total time in the pit: 6.8 seconds. Petty pulled out on the track with a lead of 10 seconds on Allison, and the STP crew held its breath.

Everybody thought Allison would be able to run him down, but Petty found more speed somewhere and hung on. That Petty could do so caused Allison to suggest Petty's speed had come out of his sandbag.

"I didn't outsmart them," said Petty. "I ran as hard as I could all day. Dale and the crew—they outsmarted 'em. They knew the tires would make it, and they knew how far we could go on a can of gas." Exactly how far, in fact—Petty's Buick coughed, nearly out of gas, crossing the finish line. "It was a follow-the-leader deal," said Richard, referring to that last pit stop, "and the deal was we didn't follow."

It was Waddell Wilson who said early in the week that monkey-see, monkey-do was what got the other crews in trouble. But in the end it was monkey-see, monkey-don't-do that won it for Petty. **END**



The Olds snap rolled back to earth on its roof

NASCAR's chief inspector, of having told them that slope-roofed cars wouldn't be legal, though the LeMans was clearly on the eligibility list.

Waddell Wilson had an answer. "The guys are all surprised that we had a LeMans. I'm surprised that they don't have one. I'll tell you what I think. I think they were all looking at the front ends, which look good. I don't think they even once looked at the rear ends. And monkey-see, monkey-do, which is why they all have square roofs."

Petty skidded down the back straight, leaving a long trail of flames. Miraculously, Saylor was unhurt



When a man grows up in a one-room flat over a tavern, depending on welfare checks for food, he doesn't want to hear how hard it is to beat Kentucky. When a fellow is abandoned by his father practically at birth and raised by a religious zealot preaching imminent doom to her son, he isn't likely to sympathize with some space-head forward begging out of games because of verbal taunts. When a coach spends the early part of his life shining shoes, peddling papers, driving the bus, gandy-dancing, hauling concrete, washing windows, running in the streets and being conditioned to believe "the sky is never blue; the grass is never green," you could hardly expect him to be overwhelmed if his basketball team makes a run at the national title.

Now just a minute, Dale Brown. What is this? Afternoon soap or prime-time basketball? As the *World Turns*? Or Tigers on the Trail?

WATCH OUT: TIGERS ON THE LOOSE

After devouring 22 straight opponents, LSU has a firm grip on the SEC lead

by CURRY KIRKPATRICK

At LSU there is always a bit of Brown floating around the gym along with the points and rebounds. Says Dr. Martin J. Broussard, the head trainer of LSU's 23-1 steamroller, "Has the man told you about the cardboard in his shoes yet?"

As a matter of fact, Coach Dale Brown has just now recounted, for perhaps the fourth time in 36 hours, how as a youngster he used to crawl on his hands and knees under the seats of the old Strand Theatre in Minot, N. Dak. looking for empty popcorn boxes to stuff into his shoes because the soles were all gone and the wolf was at the door.

Now that he's basking down there at Baton Rouge among the gentle bayous

and dripping willows in laid-back Loo-zee Ana—with his team perched ever so smartly near the top of the rankings—Lord, how far away those empty days in North Dakota must seem.

But do they really?

"Have I heard his life story?" says senior Forward Durand (Rudy) Macklin. "I can give it back to you word for word, by heart."

But on to this season's story. The marvelous LSU team has a solid corps of seniors led by the left-handed inside der-
vish, Macklin: a great freshman class featuring a leggy studhorse, Leonard



Louisiana State's three senior starters are, from left, Macklin, who is tough underneath, Martin, the playmaker and ball hawk, and Cook, the intimidator

Mitchell; and a bottomless bench—sixth man Willie Sims nearly has been immortalized by being introduced at home games in the LSU Assembly Center ("The Deaf Dome") right along with the starters. These Tigers are the culmination of nine long, hard years of sweat and strain and salesmanship by Brown. Last week, after Macklin had scored 32 points as the team defeated Alabama at home and Georgia on the road, LSU had won 22 straight games and was bidding fair to become the first team in 25 years to go unbeaten in Southeastern Conference regular-season play.

Kentucky—vaunted, much despised Kentucky—was long ago put away by 14 points, making it six out of the last eight for LSU over the Wildcats in the past four seasons. Tennessee—Top 10 Tennessee, those slowdown killjoys from Knoxville—was beaten by 17 (seven straight for the Tigers in that rivalry). Both teams were at least three games behind LSU and virtually out of the league race. So at last LSU reigns supreme in deep Dixie. Still, Brown battles on with evangelistic fervor—the underdog, the no-name, the tragedian.

Dafe, this is the late Jack Bailey talking. Do you want to be "King for a Day?"

Brown says: "I'm a nobody. I have no heritage. I'm an easy whipping boy. Is it any wonder we're the bad guys, the outlaws, that everybody is against us?" (Shades of the Oakland Raider gospel according to Al Davis.) Then, suddenly, "But I'm not Captain Queeg. It's just that my fuse goes off when I think people are being downtrodden, intimidated. My mind runs to Dachau."

At rest, Brown is a wit and a charmer, a connoisseur of fine wine, a bon vivant. He has traveled the world and he can turn a basketball phrase. "Thwart the cutting channels," he will holler at practice. But the volatility and controversy attached to his court-side ways—"You should have been a Kamikaze pilot in the Japanese navy," his wife, Vonnice, an ethnic-dance teacher, once told him—has overcome all that. What's more, his driven, hardscrabble personality has tended to overshadow the very team he has toiled so hard to develop.

Once in a game at Lexington, Ky., Brown screamed at the ref, "You've taken away everything else, here's my ward-

robe." Then he ripped off his jacket and threw it out on center court. Not just on the court. On the Kentucky state map at center court. There went the refs and the fans. Once in a press conference Brown accused Kentucky of "brutalizing" the game; when asked if his own team was without sin, Brown demanded of a writer, "Have you ever masturbated?" There went the media. When Brown won his first SEC title in 1979 he wildly signaled for a championship banner to be lowered from the rafters even before the pennant-clinching victory over Alabama was finished. ("A quarter-century crawling on my hands and knees in the desert and I'm gonna wait 38 seconds for water?" he says now in defense.) There went the coaches. 0 for 4.

It wasn't astonishing that when Brown was named SEC Coach of the Year at the end of that season, he got the award under the stands at the league tournament because, LSU officials say, the league feared the announcement would inflame the hostile crowd in Birmingham.

Even this season, as LSU has virtually toyed with the opposition under a comparatively calm Brown, the critics rage. The coach has had to spend much of the time defending the virtue of his marauding hordes, especially of Center Greg Cook, the glowering "Cookie man" whose checkered career hasn't exactly been all chocolate chips. In addition, Brown has a running feud with Tulane Coach Roy Danforth, who, feeling the score had been piled up in a 1977 game (final: LSU 120, Tulane 88), called Brown "the worst s.o.b. I've ever coached against." Says Brown: "That punk, I could have laid him out with one punch."

What of the prophet in his own land? After an emotional pregame ceremony in Baton Rouge this year in which Brown, as only he could, recounted the courageous saga of Mark Alcorn, an LSU guard who has cancer of the lymph nodes, some furious fans

wrote in to complain that the ceremony hadn't included the national anthem.

But has Joe Btsptk now come out from under his cloud to find health and happiness on the LSU bench? "I believe a man controls his own destiny," Brown says. He gave that credo a heckuva shot in the Midwest Regional final between LSU and Louisville last March. A Tiger basket goes in at the final gun. The ref signals no good. Brown storms the scorer's table and says there demanding that the basket be counted, demanding his rights, demanding justice, long after both teams have left the floor. The score remains: Louisville 86, LSU 66. A 20-point knife job.

"When the ship goes down, the admiral stays on the deck," Brown says of that incident. "We got our butts whipped, but I wasn't going down whimpering like a dog. We made that basket." *continued*

Under Brown, LSU's rise has been remarkably consistent





Sixth-man Sens takes his bow with the starters

LOUISIANA STATE continued

We deserved it. We're not stars. There can only be so many Howard Bakers, Kenny Rogerses, Paul Harveys. But we want respect. If I don't make commitments like that, I might as well go back to pity in that one room in North Dakota."

Ah, but now the Tigers have the stars. Moreover, the dazzling LSU record confirms that the team has matured over the past two campaigns, both of which closed with LSU being eliminated from the NCAA's by the eventual national champions—Michigan State, then Louisville.

The difference in this year's edition, however, isn't merely in the growth or depth of the Tigers. They ran off 16 straight points in that regional final against Louisville to lead by eight at one juncture; arguably they had as much talent as any team in the land. What they had then was one talent too many, specifically DeWayne (Astronaut) Scales, who has since landed, psychological baggage and all, on the more compatible planet of the New York Knicks.

At LSU, Scales was more than an enig-

ma—monstrous dunk artist to disruptive force in record time. His changing moods and unsettling influence—"He didn't deliberately try to hurt us, but it turned out that way," Macklin says—so unnerved Brown that Scales might as well have been the male Sybil. Brown restructured all the team rules.

"It was Gaslight over there for two years," says one LSU supporter. "And Brown played Ingrid Bergman's part. Scales drove him whacko. He drained the spirit out of everybody."

Brown vowed it would stop, which is probably why Scales had no choice but to go hardship. This year, free of the weight of Scales, Brown warned the team there would be no flexibility, saying, "If you don't perform, the guillotine comes down." Brown actually talks like this.

"We had to build a tradition here," says Brown, who is in the process of improving the LSU record for the sixth year in a row. "But now that's done. We're taking no more gambles, no academic risks, no personality problems."

The implications are obvious. LSU's reputation as black-hatted renegade—"For four years we were hated everywhere we went," says Assistant Coach and former player Jordy Hultberg—stems from a proliferation of characters whom, his enemies like to think, Brown recruited off post-office walls. These were bizarre citizens whose mere physical appearance seemed to make them notorious.

Brown's first "name" player at LSU was Kenny Higgs, an epileptic with a goatee and a permanently surly expression. "We'd rather have a feper here than an epileptic," a sweet Kentucky fan shouted at Higgs. Such things precede riots. The Tigers also employed nomads playing on their fourth college team, fellows with bald heads and no eyebrows, "how specialists (skilled in the elbow-to-the-chops move), an assistant coach who looked for all the world like Elvis Presley wailing in King Creole, and, of course, Scales, who was out of either Dallas or Uranus for all anybody could figure out.

Cook is very much a part of that tradition. A 6' 9", 226-pounder from Roselle, N.J., Cook has been described as a "thug" in more ways than Sylvester Stallone ever dreamed imaginable. Authorities have exonerated him of accusations of fighting campus police and theft in the dormitory. "Where's your stripes, Cook-

leman?" the folks at Vanderbilt still scream. After Cook lit a fire in a dormitory wastebasket this season ("A silly prank by Cookie," Brown said), the coach drew the line. No more earrings. No more matching hat-and-sunglasses ensembles. No stereo boxes. And Cook was suspended before the team's season-opening trip to Alaska.

"People think if you wear an earring you're a gangster," says Cookieman. "I just like diamonds. It must be the way I look. I don't smile on the court. I mean I could be a gangster if I wanted and, you know, go out and take care of business. But I don't let it get me down. I just chill it."

This is the logical progression of the verb "to cool." Actually, cold is primarily what the LSU veterans were in the second game of the season against Arkansas at the Great Alaska Shootout.

That night—or was it day?—Brown's vision of another championship contender was considerably blurred when the Hogs cooked ahead by 18 points. So the coach risked all. He benched the seniors, played the kids and watched as LSU scrambled back to within three points. His assistants urged Brown to get Macklin and Elhan Martin, et al. back in to go for victory, but Brown refused. "God Almighty could have been by my side advising that," Brown says, "but they weren't going back."

After the Tigers lost 86-76, Brown stayed awake in the Anchorage darkness for hours, finally knocking on hotel doors and talking to his men about defeat and dedication and all the rest. The next day the seniors, chagrined and angered, yet exhilarated at the same time by the performance of their backups, led Georgetown by more than 20 points before coasting to a 76-67 win. "I don't think teams ordinarily learn from losing," Brown says. "But we learned from that loss."

In the 11 weeks since, LSU hasn't lost a game, and the hydra-headed Tiger attack has had six different leading scorers. Sims, a New Yorker and third-generation Jew who starred at the 1977 Maccabiah Games, where he was known as "The Black Jet," scored 22 points in 25 minutes against Kentucky. Martin is the slice-eyed floor leader, of whom it has been noted that if Georgetown's Sleepy Floyd is asleep, this guy is Rip Van Winkle. The clever, quick-handed Martin

steals the ball all over the lot on defense and directs things from the point on offense, but the Tigers don't have to depend on him entirely because there's also freshman Johnny Jones.

"The Bullet," as Brown calls Jones after the fashion of "the Pistol," LSU's faded legend, Pete Maravich, happens to be able to pop off the pines at any moment without much change in the LSU pace. Alabama was leading LSU by 12 points in the second half at Tuscaloosa before Jones went in, got three baskets and three steals, then departed, with the Tigers on the way to a 59-56 victory.

In the forecourt, Scales' departure surely did much for the development of Macklin. Sims, who was Scales' roommate, says DeWayne was always jealous of Macklin, LSU's first star frontcourt player since Bob Pettit—until Rudy broke an anklebone and had to sit out most of the 1978-79 season. Only now, as team captain with added responsibility, are Macklin's inside scoring and vicious offensive rebounding skills coming to fruition. Over the last six games he has averaged 21.7 points and 12.7 rebounds. "The Louisville game haunts us," says Rudy, a Louisville native. "It will continue to haunt us until we get back to the regional."

For all of Macklin's heroics (and his legacy should endure because Mitchell seems to be his younger, stronger, potentially better clone), LSU's best all-round player is a little-known sophomore swingman named Howard (Hi-C) Carter. Hi-C played in 70 straight winning games for Baton Rouge's Redemptorist Senior High without receiving more than passing glances from the flesh hunters.

Now he is 6'5", 230 pounds of versatility, handling roles from center on defense to hit man in LSU's devastating 2-1-2 and 3-2 spread delay offenses, whose primary option, no matter how many minutes pass, is to get Carter isolated one-on-one. When that happens, school is routinely out.

"I've always questioned Howard's one-step quickness," says LSU assistant Rick Huckabay, who coached Carter in high school. "He just doesn't have it. But you let him get in motion, get two steps, and everything good happens." Earlier this season Florida's Vernon Delancy made mention of Carter's garb. In reply, Hi-C—the Tigers' best defender—held Delancy to four points in the



Before Tiger fans can be "silly as Philly," the NCAA finals site, they must be better in Baton Rouge

second half while contributing game-high stats of 25 points and 15 rebounds himself.

"Once you start getting publicity, you can't go out and mess up," Carter says. A new mark of the new Tigers is that Carter also says, "But Sims, everybody knows he should be starting. Who should sit down? Myself."

Sims, who has been through all the stormy weather at LSU and is now averaging 10.2 points in 20.6 minutes of playing time, smiles at that. "You get us together and this time it's a team," he says. "We don't hug like last year but we mean more to each other. The coach is mellowed out now, too. There's not so much intensity. In the past he had us in the NCAA finals before February. We had motivational T-shirts—THE BEST PART OF ME IS WE. He had us playing so physical. 'Anybody goes up the middle, make 'em see the lights in the ceiling.' That kind of stuff. Dwight Anderson of Kentucky went up the middle against us and came back with a broken wrist. LSU is more finesse now. We're more likable. We're older. We've been through a lot. We're ready to go all the way."

LSU is such an experienced, confident, comfortable crew this time around that its formerly rope-tight coach has cast aside his demagogue's oratory, at least temporarily. He unwinds into the kind of funny storytelling character of another ski-nosed entertainer, Bob Hope. Ever the showman, Brown, before the Kentucky game, instructed the Tigers to "relax, look at the people in the stands and what they're wearing. Enjoy the spectacle. Feel the sensuality of all this." After which LSU went out and treated the proud "Cats like practice fodder.

"Of course I'm easing up," Brown says. "These guys know who they are now. I'm not overmotivating anymore. I've let the venom drip away. I'm at peace."

When the coach really wants to loosen up, he'll even interrupt his periodic fasting to join the Tigers at their training table. Training table in Baton Rouge includes file gambo, shrimp creole, jambalaya, crawfish étouffée and assorted other delicacies of the Cajun country. After all, nobody at LSU should have to eat popcorn. Or wear empty popcorn boxes ever again.

END

NO WAY THEY'RE GOING TO HOLD HIM BACK

Schoolboy sensation Bobby Carpenter's next destination could well be the NHL
by E.M. SWIFT

"I think that one of these days," he said, "You're going to have to find out where you want to go. And then you've got to start going there. But immediately. You can't afford to lose a minute. Nor you."

—J.D. SALINGER
The Catcher in the Rye

Bobby Carpenter has known where he wants to go for years. He remembers when he was eight, walking back home from a rink with his father, Bob Sr., and asking him if he thought he could one day play in the National Hockey League. That was in the so-called Bobby Orr era, and the goal of every kid hockey player in the Boston area was to make it to the pros. When his father said nothing, young Bobby asked, "Is it too early to tell?" His father nodded. Then, two years later, same rink, same walk, he again asked his dad about his chances of making the NHL. Bob Sr., who knows his hockey, turned and looked at his son. "It's possible," he said.

Today, 17-year-old Bobby Carpenter of Peabody, Mass., a city of 48,000 some 15 miles north of Boston, is the best high school hockey player in America. More than that, he's one of the top amateur prospects in the world. In the NHL draft in June, Carpenter's expected to be one of the first six players selected. No high school player, from the U.S. or anywhere else, has ever been among the top 60 drafted, and no American has ever been among the first 10.

The hapless Winnipeg Jets seem destined to have the first choice, and it's

just possible they'll use it to draft Carpenter. Winnipeg's director of player personnel, Mike Doran, had lunch last week with Carpenter's father and his coach, Joe Yannetti, who also happens to be a Winnipeg scout. For now, all Doran is willing to say is that Carpenter is in the running with five or six other players.

Upward of a dozen scouts will attend every game Carpenter plays for St. John's Prep of Danvers, Mass. the rest of the year, and player agents are swarming around him. Carpenter himself will see lots of college games. His is a world of possibilities, and he's keeping himself open to all of them. The high school senior will soon have to choose either the big money or a college education, so a subtle sense of urgency surrounds him. It isn't panic, just a time-to-get-down-to-business air. You can't afford to lose a minute. Nor you. All roads lead to Oz; he just has to start. The Can't-Miss Kid—that's what they call him.

That's a heavy label to hang on any 17-year-old, but it's difficult to imagine a scenario in which Carpenter does miss. These days when he's asked if he thinks his son can make it in the pros, Bob Sr., a sergeant on the Peabody police force, says, "He's survival-oriented. He'll be able to compete." Lou Varro, who coached Bobby in January's World Junior Tournament, in which the U.S. finished sixth and Carpenter was the team's MVP, says of him, "You'd think a kid coming in with Carpenter's reputation would be cocky, but he's not a big shot. If you ever had a son, you'd be proud to have him turn out like Carpenter. He's just a down-to-earth kid."

So what else is a coach going to say about his star player, you ask. You don't know Varro, a stout, plainspoken Brook-



lynite. "If he was a horse's ass, I'd tell you," he says.

Boston College's assistant hockey coach, Steve Cedorchuk, believes Carpenter could take B.C. to its second NCAA championship. "People talk about how Bobby's one of the great players," says Cedorchuk. "But he's also one of the great winners. And he'd be a team leader as a freshman."

The only complaint pro scouts have about Carpenter is that he's still playing in high school. "If Bobby had played Junior A in Canada," says Quebec bird dog Red Fleming, "he'd be the first player drafted. No doubt. But they don't play the game the NHL way at his age in the States. The referees think they're playing basketball, calling every little hit."

"Carpenter hasn't proved to me he can take the rough stuff," says Jim Anderson, Vancouver's chief scout. "But he's an exceptional puck handler and skater. And, geezus, he's got quick hands."

They used to say the same thing about Wayne Gretzky's hands, and though Carpenter isn't yet quite the wizard with the puck that Gretzky is, there are similarities. Both play center and are brilliant passers, and Carpenter anticipates plays and moves laterally à la Gretzky. But



what seems to please NHL scouts most is that Carpenter—who at 6'1", 185 pounds has good size for his age—is also an excellent defensive forward. "He's strong and he's mean," says Fleming. "Put him in a skating game and he'll skate; put him in a hitting game and he'll hit. Most players his age can either skate like mad or shoot like mad. He just does everything well."

Like they say, the kid can't miss.

Last Wednesday night Sergeant Bob Carpenter watched St. John's Prep lose 7-6 to lowly Christopher Columbus. The defeat dropped the Eagles' league record to 7-5-1 and virtually eliminated them from contention for a berth in the state tournament. Bob Sr. was in uniform, patrolling the arena. Most cops don't like working athletic events at night, so Bob Sr. usually has no trouble getting assigned to Bobby's games. When the outcome of this one became clear, Bob Sr. muttered and went about his work with a frown. It has been a long season for the Prep, and a frustrating one for Bobby. "He's the greatest high school player ever to compete in Massachusetts," Yannetti told Bob Sr. after the game, "and he's probably not going to play in the state tourna-

ment. It could be a sad ending to a great story. He's too good for these players. But as great as he is, he can't do it all."

Of course, the story is actually just beginning, and it isn't a sad one at all—except to Yannetti, who knows that he's losing a player the likes of whom he'll never see again. He knows that, and it is a bitter pill to swallow when he thinks of missing the state tournament with such a talent. He feels he has somehow let the boy down, and he loves him like a son. "With better players, Bobby plays better," says Yannetti. "Right now we really don't have anybody who can play with him. What happens is that he makes the right pass, then breaks open but doesn't get the puck back. We've tried to get him to hold onto the puck more, to do it himself, but he's just not that type of kid."

The first time Yannetti heard of Bobby Carpenter, the youngster was a ninth-grader at Higgins Junior High in Peabody. Some of the parents had told him about this Wunderkind, but Yannetti scoffed that nobody could be that good. Then he saw Carpenter play. The kid won his first four face-offs and took his team down the ice for four goals—two of which he scored himself, two of which he passed off on. "I was right," Yannetti

reported back to the parents. "He's not as good as you say. He's better."

College recruiters were already onto Bobby, and several private high schools were wild to have him enroll. Two factors sold the Carpenters on St. John's, a boys school with about 1,000 students: it had a fine academic reputation and, as a member of the Massachusetts Catholic Conference, it was eligible for the state high school tournament.

"Bobby's father was looking for the best situation for his son," says Yannetti. "and he was very careful

By hook or by crook—that's about the only way to stop Carpenter when he has the puck on his stick



For now, he's just one of the boys at school

to get all the information before making a decision. He'd seen 10 or 12 of our games, and he knew our program was coming on."

Bobby himself had never seen the school, which is about 10 miles from his Pesbody home. Run by the Xaverian Brothers, its 11 buildings are located on a 180-acre campus. Tuition is \$1,710, and most of the students come from Catholic middle-class backgrounds. St. John's has always encouraged athletics, but it's anything but a jock school, pointing more proudly to its SAT scores than to its state championships. Still, the Eagles have had their share of sports stars. Brother Ed Keefe, the headmaster, recalls with pride that one of baseball's richest bonus babies, Danny Murphy, who signed with the Cubs in 1960, is a St. John's alumnus. "Couldn't hit the curve, though," says Keefe with a trace of sadness. "Finished his career as a relief pitcher with the White Sox."

In 1978-79, Carpenter's first year at St. John's, the Eagles won their first state hockey title. "He was a leader the minute he stepped on the ice," says Yannetti. "The year before, our team had that aggressive toughness, but we didn't know how to win. Bobby showed us how."

Did he ever. St. John's went 21-2, and Carpenter finished with 23 goals and 31



Did patrols queries from coaches and agents

assists. He was the leading scorer in the state tournament with 16 points in six games. In the finals of the regionals, Carpenter scored the tying goal, and then set up the winner in St. John's 3-2 upset of defending state champion Matignon. "They should have beaten us by two touchdowns," Carpenter says now, smiling brightly at the memory.

The next year was more of the same, with Carpenter scoring 67 points in only 21 games and being named Massachusetts Player of the Year. St. John's ended up 17-3-1, but this time in the regional finals Matignon turned the tables. Carpenter, however, put on a show that Yannetti still recalls with wonder. With his team trailing 3-0 after the second intermission, Bobby scored three third-period goals before Matignon pulled away to win 5-3. The first came with Bobby's team shorthanded. After being tripped from behind, Carpenter somehow lifted the puck into the top corner of the net while diving through the air. "He's like all great players," says Yannetti. "When the game is on the line, he wants the puck." Carpenter finished the four-game tournament as the leading scorer with eight goals and five assists.

Last July Carpenter went to Colorado Springs to try out for the U.S. Junior National team, made up of players 17 to 19. The tryouts consisted of a round-robin series of games, and 16 of the 21 NHL clubs had scouts on hand. Carpenter was the youngest player there, and

Yannetti, who was one of the assistant coaches, was just hoping the kid would hold his own. What he did was dominate the trials. "He was the best of all of them," says Yannetti. "He's been the best at every level he's ever played."

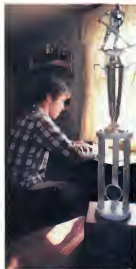
But he was more than that. He was almost superhuman. Carpenter had been excelling at center, as usual, until eight players, several of whom were defensemen, were sent home for overturning a car and harassing some girls outside the neighborhood 7/11 store. The next day Carpenter found himself on the back line. "He played like he'd been born there," says Tom Micheletti, one of the player agents vying to represent Carpenter. "That's when you knew." Asked to rate the 15 best forwards, all but one of the U.S. coaches named Carpenter No. 1. The other had him second.

Perhaps Carpenter's most impressive message to the scouts came at the World Junior Tournament in Munich. The U.S. team opened play with losses to Finland, Sweden and Germany. In their fourth game the Yanks faced Canada. Centering opposite Carpenter was another 17-year-old named Dule Hawerchuk, the star of the Cornwall Royals, Canada's top Junior A club. "All these scouts kept telling me, 'You got to watch this Hawerchuk, you got to see him. He'll be the

Bobby logs time with his older sister, Robyn



and with his studies, at which he also shines



first guy taken in the draft," says Micheleletti, who was at the tournament. "So I watched him. Carpenter won almost every face-off, and he got three goals and two assists. Now, in five other matchups, who knows how they'd do? But I tell you, if Hawerchuk goes No. 1, Carpenter won't be far behind." The U.S. also won the game, 7-3.

Like they say, the kid can't miss.

Bob Sr. admits he would go to a hockey game every night if he didn't have to work the 5 p.m. to 1 a.m. shift. In the Boston area you can do such a thing, with its dozens of high school and college teams and the Bruins. A great beaklike man who weighs more than 200 pounds, Bob Sr. played hockey through high school before joining the Navy. When Bobby was three he bought him his first pair of skates, and as a kindergartner the boy used to hustle down to the swamp at the end of the street and skate by himself, not wanting to wait for the other kids, to have to share the puck and the ice.

Bob Sr. built a backyard rink when Bobby was six, laying tarp and putting up two-by-sixes and lights and even resurfacing with hot water so the ice wouldn't chip. The neighborhood kids would come over and play all Sunday—this was the Bobby Orr era, remember—stopping at midday for hot chocolate and to watch the NHL Game of the Week. Whenever Bob Sr. could, he'd take his son to a Bruins game. They were sharing an obstructed-view seat when Orr scored the goal that beat St. Louis in the 1970 Stanley Cup final—the one in which he was photographed flying through the air. Seven-year-old Bobby had sneaked in under the turnstile, a common practice at the Boston Garden, even for tykes who are accompanied by law-abiding parents.

Now Orr is watching Bobby Carpenter. Saturday before last, St. John's played Matignon, and about 85 kids never saw the first period for all their pushing and shoving to get a glance at Orr. Word is out that Orr, who was watching the game with Bob Sr., is considering getting into the player representative market and wants young Carpenter as his first client. How can you say no to a legend? How can you turn down someone whom you had watched score the Stanley Cup-winning goal from your father's lap—from behind a post—10 years earlier?

St. John's is no match for league-leading Matignon this year. Stop Carpenter and you stop the Eagles, and in Bobby's first rush up-ice someone nearly decapitates him trying to do so. "As long as they don't knock out his teeth," says his mother, Ann Carpenter.

Bobby happens to have all his teeth, which is the sort of thing that makes this particular mother proud. She is a vivacious, high-cheekboned blonde who has lived in Peabody all her life and is, in the words of one scout (they don't miss a trick), "as strong as a lion." There are no superstars in her house. She has two other children, a 19-year-old daughter, Robin, who is a freshman at Salem (Mass.) State College, and a 14-year-old, Ron, called Bear, a 200-pound freshman football player at St. John's. All her children get equal time, so she ends up missing many of Bobby's games. There are more important things than hockey.

Despite his love for the sport, Bob Sr. recognizes that as well. He wants his son to go to college next fall, not so much because of what Bobby will learn in the classroom but because of the opportunity college provides a young man to grow at his own pace. "You can't be 17 going on 25," he says. "In the pros, you're not allowed to be an adolescent. But at that age, if you don't play a good game, you shouldn't have the weight of the world on your shoulders. College is a very important part of a young man's life, both mentally and physically. It helps you develop as a human being. But the ultimate decision has got to be his. What am I going to say, 'You have to go to college.' That was the old days."

If Carpenter is one of the first five or six players drafted, he'll probably be offered a three- to five-year contract in the neighborhood of \$100,000 per annum. But Carpenter himself is less intrigued by the dollar signs than by the idea of being the first high school player to jump directly into the NHL. "Put him with the right players, and he could do it," says Quebec's Fleming. "Personally, though, I'd let him get his feet wet in one of the minor pro leagues for a couple of months first."

"Getting his feet wet" is an NHL euphemism for getting his head bashed in Vancouver's Anderson thinks jumping from high school to the pros could ruin Carpenter. "They're saying he can play in the NHL right away, and he can't,"

says Anderson. "He could lose his confidence just like that by trying. I think he should go to college for a couple of years before signing. If Winnipeg or Quebec gets him and moves him right up, it will hinder his progress."

It happens. It happens in all sports, in all fields, all the time. A young guy takes on the world, gets knocked on his ear, and never again performs with that same unconscious confidence. It's a scary thought for the father, who is realistic enough to know there's no such thing as a Can't-Miss Kid. So far it has been Bob Sr. who has fielded the queries of the scouts, the agents and the college coaches, keeping them away from Bobby so that his son can concentrate on school and hockey and adolescence. In June, after the draft, they'll sit down and, Bobby says, "He'll let me know subtly what he wants me to do. He'll get all the facts and then lean one way or the other. He doesn't tell me what to do, but I don't think I've ever gone against him."

If Carpenter does choose college, it will almost certainly be one in the Boston area. His grades—he ranks 46th in a class of 246—are good enough to get him into Harvard, but he'll more likely opt for Boston College, which is currently the No. 6 team in the country. "B.C.'s great hockey tradition—that's what will decide it for him," says St. John's Assistant Coach Eddie Rossi. "Hockey's what has motivated everything Bobby's done. He'd love to be out Friday and Saturday nights drinking with the other guys, but he's not going to do that because of the hockey situation. I sympathize with him because he hasn't been able to enjoy a normal teen-age life. But it's not like anybody's forcing him. He just loves it. Even in school, his grades are good because he doesn't want someone to be able to dictate to him that he isn't going to a Harvard or a Yale. He wants that control."

The bottom line on Carpenter—and one that no one is even whispering yet—is that he has the potential (that accursed word) to be what the sport of hockey so desperately needs: a legitimate U.S.-born star. There has never really been one, although some of the U.S. Olympic players are off to excellent starts. But the expectations are that Carpenter will be better than any of them. Maybe a lot better. All he has to do is start **END**

The quickest way to forget that we are in a recession is to stroll the docks of the Southern Ocean Racing Conference. Last year 26 of the 72 boats in the six-race series were new. This year there are 41 new hulls in a fleet of just under 100. Because the cheapest of these beauties costs more than \$100,000 and the biggest more than a million, in the world of ocean racing at least, things seem to be looking up. What is most astonishing for anyone with a logical, cash-register mind is that although the annual expenses of the Southern Ocean fleet exceed that of all the teams in the NFL playoffs, not one skipper gets back more than a piece or two of second-rate silverware—and that only after having taken strenuous part in a series in which, because of the many whims of God, the yachtman often never has a chance.

To predict an overall winner of the Southern Ocean circuit is foolish, if not impossible, but this much can be safely said: this year, as so often before, the honor will probably go to a craft between 36 and 48 feet overall. It might be an old boat with a famous name like *Robin*, so blessed with age allowance on her handicap rating that, short of swamping, she cannot help but do well. It might be a new hull such as *Louisiana Crude*. More likely the winner will be a brand-new boat, born just yesterday and already on the brink of obsolescence, but with a familiar name such as *Williwaw*, *Acadia* or *Artes*.

Big boats don't win. In 1971, *Running Tide*, a 60-foot sloop built somewhat along the deep, narrow lines of an America's Cup contender, did take the overall title in a series marked by heavy seas and windward work that were to her liking. The nine years since have been bad for

all the biggies except one: a 79-footer called *Kialoa*, the third ocean racer so named and owned by John B. (Jim) Kilroy, a California real-estate developer who has always operated slightly in defiance of the pregame odds. From her debut in 1975 until her retirement last year, *Kialoa* (a Hawaiian word for "long, beautiful canoe") took part in 24 SORC races. Time and again she was first across the line only to have some little 42-foot creep bring the wind from behind and beat her on corrected time. Still, *Kialoa* won four of her 24 SORC tests on corrected time—a remarkable showing, considering that in the same period only three other biggies out of a total of 19 won so much as one race without benefit of age allowance.

To handicap boats that are far different in size, under the International Offshore Rule just about everything is carefully measured except the diameter of the owner's bankroll, the navigator's IQ and the length of the crew's fingernails. For all the exactitude, though, there are inequities. In the case of Kilroy's third *Kialoa*, it was her displacement. According to IOR measurement, she was rated at 66,000 pounds, while she truly weighed closer to 89,000. To put it simply, in all her trials and triumphs on seas near and far—in the Sydney-Hobart Race and the Jamaica Race, in the Transatlantic, the Transpac, the Edlu, the Fastnet, the Channel and the St. Pete-Fort Lauderdale—she was lugging more

than 11 tons for which she got no credit.

Although far from old in capability or configuration, the third *Kialoa* is now up for sale at a bargain-basement price of \$850,000. For this year's SORC series, Kilroy has a new, bigger, lighter and faster *Kialoa*. Although it is safe to say the new girl will whomp the rest when it comes to crossing the finish line—she has done so twice already—how she fares on corrected time depends on how the wind blows and the Gulf Stream flows.

Two weeks ago, the current SORC began for the big boats as so often before—only worse. In the course of the first race, a 138-miler from St. Petersburg to Boca Grande and back, which 79 boats started, fine weather deteriorated into a soggy mess of fitful squalls, leaving some craft stalled while others forged ahead. Despite a bad stall, the new *Kialoa* finished first and took seventh in fleet on corrected time. The 48-foot *Williwaw* won.

Two days later, a dark, filthy cold from was sweeping across the U.S., so for last week's second, and most important, race of the series, 370 miles from St. Petersburg to Fort Lauderdale, there was promise of stiff conditions—through which big boats could plow while lesser rivals would likely stagger up one side of a deep sea and fall off the other. But the nasty weather front turned to the north, flooding roads and blowing off roofs, as the SORC fleet headed south to round the Keys under 25 knots of southeast wind. By nightfall the leader, *Kia*—continued

The ubiquitous nonentity of World War II sails on as the mascot of real-estate magnate Jim Kilroy's latest *Kialoa*, the high-tech heavyweight of the SORC

by COLES PHINIZY



AHOY! KILROY IS HERE

loa, had only two rivals in sight, both well behind.

If the front had come through in normal fashion, with only modest slackening as the wind clocked around to the north quadrant, *Kialoa* and the other biggies would have had it all their way, but, alas, it was not to be. The dying southerly left a big windless hole between itself and the approaching front. Early on the second afternoon, as *Kialoa* ghosted along,

struggling to keep under way, her crew could see the dark cloud line of the belated weather front climbing in the north sky, and under it the bright spinnakers of smaller boats that had no business being in sight. "It was like suddenly seeing a cavalry troop charging over the horizon," an on-board photographer, Dick Enerson, said. "They were headed for our water hole, and there was no way of stopping them."

The big wind that the little boats brought with them—steady over 30 knots and gusting to 50—not only dashed the chances of the big boats, but was also sufficient to do in 14 craft. Two boats went aground southwest of Key West; five abandoned the race with minor failures; seven were dismasted, among them the new 45-foot *Scaramouche*, which had had as good a chance as any of winning the whole series.

By the time everyone had limped into Fort Lauderdale and the computers had finished their work, *Kialoa* was 50th in fleet, well behind the race winner, the 36-foot *Robin*. But once again *Kialoa* was first across the line.

The old *Kialoa*—now designated *Kialoa III*—was aluminum. The new hull, launched in December, is made of space-age stuff: a balsa core sheathed in Kevlar fiber, carbon fiber and S-glass. She weighs only 77,000 pounds but, unlike her predecessor, gets a decent credit rating for it. The new *Kialoa* is about two feet longer overall and on the waterline than her older sister. She is lighter in the ends. Her flat, fair body is about six inches deeper in draft, her keel span two feet greater. She has only 3% more wetted surface but nearly 9% greater sail area. As a consequence of these sneaky architectural advances, she should prove devastating on all points of sailing in big winds and seas, and a hellion running and reaching in all conditions. Regrettably, as the Lauderdale race amply proved, despite the talent of all her deck animals, in a dead calm *Kialoa* does no better than Noah's ark.

Kilroy and the experts supporting his effort were fearful that the new *Kialoa*, because of her lighter displacement and broader beam, might be slower upwind in light air than *Kialoa III*, but in pacing trials against the older boat she has proved a few 10ths of a knot faster and more weatherly. Because the bow is not sharply veed and she has no skeg at all, the new boat is harder to keep in the groove, but in time that should prove to be no problem because on the wheel will be what mariners used to call "hard old hands with a soft touch." At the helm most of the time will be either Kilroy or his project manager, Bruce Kendall. Between them they steered *Kialoa III*.

At the start of the St. Pete-Fort Lauderdale race, Kialoa takes her customary position up in front





A fortune in blocks, winches and other nautical hardware surrounds the 105-foot mast.



A hydraulic console adjusts the keelson on the outhaul, the backstay and boom vang of Kialoa.

This up-to-the-minute navigational device is only part of an impressive bank of electronic gadgets.



for almost all of her 130,000 miles of ocean racing.

Although in his crazy-quilted early life Kilroy wandered occasionally up unprofitable ratholes, and although at age 58 he is still somewhat a jock at heart, limber of mind and limb, he rarely goes into anything half-cocked. Quality attracts quality, and for love or money, the new Kialoa has drawn a lot. She was designed by Ron Holland, the New Zealander whose light-ended little 40-footer, *Imp*, won the 1977 SORC. The keel configuration was projected from NASA specs by Holland with the aid of Dr. James Burke, a Jet Propulsion Laboratory aerodynamic astrophysicist who is perhaps best known to the lay public as a collaborator on the first successful man-powered flying machine, the Gossamer Condor. David Pedrick, the naval architect responsible for Kialoa III, is in charge of the performance instrumentation of the new boat. Dr. Allen Puckett, chairman of the board of Hughes Aircraft, has contributed to the continued



A pair of deck apes moshandle one of the boat's big coffee-grinders during a shakedown cruise.

development of the new *Kiafoa*, and so have Arvel Gentry, a senior aerodynamicist for Boeing, and Dr. George Mueller, a senior vice-president of Burroughs Corporation. When the whole fancy electronic conglom of instant readouts and analytic computers are finally pouring out data to help *Kiafoa* make her way over the briny, there will even be a "bogy meter" that will scold the helmsman if he fails to make the boat perform as

well as the computer knows she can. Kilroy readily admits that the art of sailing has moved along since the days of Melville and Conrad. "Show me a man who says he still sails by the seat of his pants," he says, "and we'll knock his block off."

The Irish have a way of making their names unforgettable while they themselves remain anonymous. Potatoes are called *murphys* and there is a *Murphy's Law*, but almost nobody knows which *Murphy* was responsible for any of them. "It's the real McCoy" is a familiar phrase, but not even scholars agree as to whether the first real one was a boxer or a boot-legger—if either. In all the theaters of World War II the notice *KILOBY WAS HERE* was scrawled everywhere, on walls and windows, inside seapots and on the bottom of beer mugs. So common was the Kilroy phrase that the Nazis used it as an ambush ruse, posting it in villages to delude advancing Yanks into thinking other GIs already had the area in control.

The omnipresent, fictitious Kilroy was a fraud. There have never been many Kilroys here, there or anywhere. For example, in the phone directories for the five boroughs of New York City, which has been melting Irish immigrants in its various pots for more than 150 years, there are 2,617 *Murphys* listed but only 23 Kilroys. Back in the old country, in the Dublin directory, there are 1,781 *Murphys* and only 30 Kilroys. There was so much blarney associated with the name Kilroy that lexicographers today are at odds about it. The *Dictionary of American Slang* defines a Kilroy as a "romentary." The ponderous Webster's *Unabridged* maintains that a Kilroy is an "inveterate traveler." Sufficient for this discourse, *Kiafoa's* Jim Kilroy started out life in compliance with the first definition and today certainly lives up to the second.

On the sloping transom of his new *Kiafoa* there is a global portrait centered on the Western Hemisphere. Hanging over



On *Kiafoa's* christening day, Kilroy was a knight to remember

the northwest edge of the globe is the familiar cartoon image associated with the legendary Kilroy of World War II—two little hands and a bald head with a long nose. The artist who painted the globe on *Kiafoa's* transom deliberately placed the cartoon character's nose over Alaska, for that is where Kilroy was born, in Ruby, a tiny village on the Yukon that has been long famous for its sled dogs.

Kilroy's father, George, had migrated from Ireland to South Africa, and from there to Alaska, where he was a competent editor, ghostwriter and gold miner and an unlucky gambler. After Mr. Kilroy had lost one too many placer stakes at the poker tables, Mrs. Kilroy took her family to the lower Forty-Eight, ending up in Southern California where her younger son, Jim, was four.

In the depressed '30s, when the hapless, homeless and jobless of the U.S. headed for Southern California, the area turned out not to be the Promised Land. The unemployment lines were long, in part because of one factor not heretofore recorded. There were few jobs available, because by the time the Okies and the other luckless started pouring into Southern California, young Jim Kilroy was well on his way to becoming a one-man labor force.

At age 10 he was copartner of a bicycle repair shop. Through the Depression he earned his dimes and dollars in a



Shipper Kilroy sails here, there and everywhere



Designer Holland, whose *Inp* won the SOWC in 1977, hopes for another champion with *Kiafoa*

wide variety of ways. He sold magazine subscriptions, he mowed lawns, he hauled trash, he sold scrap paper. He made up newspapers, and sold them and delivered them, doing his crowded city routes on a skate-wheeled scooter and serving residential areas on his bicycle. He was a lifeguard, a grocery-store checker, an inventory stocker, a huberdashery clerk. He was a sometime butcher and worked with a baker but never was a candystick maker. In the faint dawn before school, he swamped out a buttermilk plant. In his single college year at Santa Barbara State, one job given him was grading comprehensive exams in advanced courses he had never had. "Beats the hell out of me how I got the job," he now says. "They gave it to me, so I did it." Reflecting on it all, Kilroy adds, "What a beautiful thing it was to grow up scrounging. It gave me a lot of smarts, although I don't exactly know how it helped. I still know how to swamp out a buttermilk vat, a stinking job, but I don't know anything about making buttermilk."

Kilroy's early hardscrabble life allowed him no time for sports, but he found the time nonetheless. At South Gate High, on the southern edge of burgeoning Los Angeles, he played a year of football and four of basketball. In the spring he sprinted, long-jumped and hurdled. Before he graduated, he had run the 120-yard high hurdles in 15.1, back in a day when few hurdlers had bettered 14-flat. Kilroy tried to imitate the movie action he saw of Olympic Champion Forrest Towns, throwing both arms forward to get more drive with the lead leg. "When I tried it," he recalls, "I came down over the hurdle so fast I broke my nose on my knee."

Because of his hurdling potential he could have had a free ride at USC, but instead chose Santa Barbara State to get away from home. In his freshman year he corrected exam papers, worked in a restaurant, played basketball and continued to pursue track. The first time Kilroy was

asked to try the high jump in competition, he used the classic, leg-trucked Western roll and put so much misdirected vim into his initial attempt at the starting height of 5' 6" that he not only cleared the bar, but also sailed out the far side of the pit. He got his hurdle time down to 14.6—which didn't matter much by the middle of 1940, because the dark clouds of World War II were busting open, relieving the employment drought in California. Kilroy went to work as a tool-bin clerk at Douglas Aircraft, ending up as an assistant chief inspector before leaving as a member of the Army Air Corps. He came out of the war with \$156 and a conviction that after having had a long education in what it was like to be poor, he should start learning how not to be. He made enough money as a real-estate broker to convince bankers to lend him a lot more to realize his dream of industrial parks.

His subsequent prosperity allowed him

the luxury of his four *Kialoa*s and also involved him in all sorts of activities—civic, athletic, educational and political. Of all his affiliations, the most unusual one is the Lucky 13 Club, an informal association of Kilroy cronies, which he co-founded as a schoolboy.

As a boy, while he was doing tedious work that didn't require much brains, Kilroy would run words and numbers through his mind, mulling over their origins and interrelation. "I have been interested in the number 13 since grammar school," he says. "People talk about Friday the 13th and not walking under ladders, so I made a point of walking under ladders on Friday the 13th. I love 13. I like the sound of 'one' and 'three.' I don't like the sound of 'two' or 'seven' or 'eight.' 'One-two' doesn't sound like much. It's a down sound. 'One-three' has a lift to it." Insofar as his coaches allowed, he always wore the number 13.

He didn't take up sailing seriously until the early '50s, when his business was doing well. His first overnighter was a 46-foot Island Clipper, *Serenus*, with sail number 13. At about the time he bought *Serenus*, in an idle moment, mulling over numbers as he had done as a boy, he realized that the combination of digits in his home address and home phone and office address and phone and regional-office address and phone, by pure chance, added up to 13. He has been thirteening it ever since. His first *Kialoa's* sail number was 265, his second 742—both digit combinations that total 13. For his third *Kialoa* he requested and got 13751, because it starts with a 13 and ends with a digit combination totaling 13. His present *Kialoa* has sail number 13131, which gives him two 13s backward or forward.

Does this sort of mystical numerology help? Of course it does. In this day, when even creepy little 40-footers have loan, satellite signals and computers, it's only the magic numbers that keep bringing Kilroy—and *Kialoa*—into port first.



With that other Kilroy peering from the tresson, *Kialoa* heads upwind

No one is all of a piece, seamless as a tabletop or a glass egg, but we tend to describe people that way. Pretty Boy, Nice Guy, Mr. or Ms. Success, Bore (or Boor), Rich Kid, Animal, Tough Guy, Fool—the terms we use to define the people around us show our need, however unjust, to focus and condense, to label and move on. Thus, 7' 2" Artis Gilmore is defined: Tall Man.

Oh, certainly, the 31-year-old Gilmore is more than that. He's the starting center for the Chicago Bulls, 240 pounds, a three-time NBA All-Star, an ABA All-Star in each of his five years in that league, the 1972 ABA Rookie of the Year and Most Valuable Player, a performer homing in on 16,000 career points and 12,000 rebounds. He's a quiet man, sensitive and gentle, with a degree in physical education from Jacksonville University obtained—how rare this has become among pro stars—on schedule; a player of backgammon; a devoted family man with three daughters and a lovely wife, Enola Gay (named after the plane that dropped the bomb on Hiroshima); a jazz buff; a scuba diver with size-16 fins.

But all that is fluff, more detail. Gilmore is a Tall Man. That's how people see him; that's how he must confront a society built for Average Man. Consider: Gilmore is sitting with his agent, Herb Rudy, in a downtown Chicago lounge. "Lean over here, Artis," says Rudy, who's 5' 10". Gilmore bends across the table, and Rudy brushes white specks from his client's slightly receding Afro. Rudy examines them. "Part of the ceiling," he says.

Or this: Gilmore is appearing in one of the few TV commercials he has been signed to do, making a plea for Chicago-area Commonwealth Edison customers to turn down their thermostats. A nearly emotionless Gilmore—he hates being in front of cameras: "What can I play in the movies besides a giant or a clone or

'DO YOU PLAY BASKETBALL?' 'NO, I WASH GILRAFFE EARS'

something?"—says, "I know where my head is at. And it's hot up here." The camera pulls back to show Artis' heated brow high in the corner of a normal-ceilinged room. The Tall Man looks unhappy, bored, bizarre.

And then there's this: Gilmore is in Cleveland, and a woman asks him if he plays basketball. He says, "No, I wash giraffe ears." Gilmore doesn't like to be flippant, but it's one of the few ways he can protect himself. "I try to be polite to people," he says, "and if they ask me something courteously, I'll answer them that way. But I can't let people take advantage of me anymore. I try to keep my close friends to a minimum, to be more cautious. I've learned something from everything that has ever happened to me."

Gilmore, whom Dave Vance, general manager of the defunct Kentucky Colonels, Gilmore's ABA team, once described as "maybe too nice a guy for his own good," lives in a world that regards his kind oddly and with something that might be called unintentional hostility. Indeed, beyond exploiting the Tall Man, society deals him little but blows, most of them to the head. Chandeliers, pipes, heating ducts, exit signs, the standard 6' 8" doorways that catch Gilmore almost at mid-thigh—all are messages sent by Average Man. "Those new sprinklers are the scariest," says Gilmore. "The star-shaped ones that hang down. They're very dangerous. They can scalp you." Airplane lavatories, phone booths, bus seats, beds, clothes, drinking fountains, mirrors, bicycles—there's no end to the reminders to shorten up.

Gilmore considered customizing his house in suburban Glenview, Ill. to fit his own dimensions—something Wilt Chamberlain did a few years back—but decided against it. The house would be too safe, womblike, he concluded, and ultimately dangerous. "I'd still have to go out into the real world," he says. Indeed,

So says Artis Gilmore, the 7' 2" Chicago Bull center, who has seen only five people taller than he, two of them freaks

by RICK TELANDER



the Tall Man can't afford to be complacent. Wariness gets him through the day. It's what makes him seem so reserved, aloof and finally lonely.

Numbers set the Tall Man apart. There are not very many American men who stand more than 7' 2". In his entire life Gilmore has encountered only five taller than he, two black, three white. One of the blacks is a fellow pro and friend, Kareem Abdul-Jabbar of the Los Angeles Lakers. Gilmore has played in Abdul-Jabbar's shadow for years, and as a consequence he has been criticized somewhat unfairly—"He's Kareem without moves," says one scout—but he bears Abdul-Jabbar no ill will. "The difference between Kareem and me is that he's got one incredible offensive weapon—the sky hook," says Gilmore. "It's unstoppable. I don't have anything like that." The other black man is 7' 4" Ralph Sampson, the 19-year-old center for the University of Virginia. Gilmore dozed off while watching Sampson on TV recently and remembers little about him except that he's "very, very thin but quick."

One of the white men is 7' 2½" Tom Burleson, now of the Atlanta Hawks, whom Gilmore met while Burleson was attending Avery County (N.C.) High in Newland and Gilmore was at Gardner-Webb Junior College in the same state. "I walked into a high school gym and had to bend way over to get through the door," says Gilmore. "Then I saw this other guy come in and he had to bend even more than me. I was amazed." The other two taller men were more or less freaks. "One was a giant I paid to see at the Florida State Fair," says Gilmore. "And the other was this man who drove a car from the backseat, a kind of promotion, I think. He was about 8' 2" and old, but he could stand under a rim and just drop a basketball through."

Well, yes, thank God for basketball then, the only sport other than horse rac-

continued



Shooting over Gilmore is a tall order indeed.

ing, with its diminutive jockeys, to reward a man so directly for his size. In high school Gilmore at first wanted to play football—to be the first 6' 5", 145-pound freshman tight end in the Florida panhandle, where Gilmore's hometown of Chipley is located. But his father, Otis, a 5' 7" pool player and fisherman who provided for his 10 children and 6-foot wife, Mattie, without any visible means of support, vetoed the idea. The Gilmores couldn't afford the required insurance. There wasn't even enough money for food, and Artis worried that he was suffering from malnutrition and that, as a friend told him, he was growing too fast and his "bones were in trouble."

For his senior year in high school Gilmore moved in with a family in Dothan, Ala., 30 miles north of Chipley, because there was no longer room for him at home. By then he was 6' 9½" and seriously into basketball. That season he was named a third-team high school All-America center behind Howard Porter and Jim McDaniel. After two years in junior college, Gilmore enrolled at Jacksonville. He had grown to his full height and was well muscled. Standing flat-footed under the basket, he discovered he could reach within 2½" of the rim.

In his senior season Gilmore led Jacksonville to a 7-2 record and the finals of the NCAA tournament, which the Dolphins lost to a UCLA team led by Henry Bibby and Sidney Wicks. In his two-season career Gilmore had become one of only seven players in NCAA history to average more than 20 points and 20 rebounds per game. An estimated \$2 million, multiyear pro contract awaited him, but Gilmore found little cause for celebration. After all, he was a long way from Chipley, and he remained pensive, even a bit scared.

"I thought a lot about where I was from," he says. "I still do. In Chipley, when my feet grew beyond size 13, the last size they carried in stores. I had to go barefoot. Now they have a little park in town named after me—Artis Gilmore Park—with lights in it, where people can go after dark to talk and play music. It's nice. Before, when it got dark, everything just stopped and you had to go home."

In 1976 Gilmore came to the Bulls as the first player taken in the ABA dispersal draft. He had torn up the lesser league, averaging 22 points and 17 rebounds a game and leading the Colonels to the playoffs in each of his five seasons

and the ABA championship in 1975. On his living-room wall Gilmore has a framed color photo of himself taken during his first ABA season. The angle is high—the camera was mounted so that the picture was shot through the glass backboard—and it shows Gilmore from behind, his head above the rim, arm outstretched, hand flicking a shot back in Rick Barry's disbelieving face. In a league with few dominant centers, Gilmore ruled the sky. In one game he got an ABA-record 40 rebounds. (George McGinnis once tried to break that record by going down alone on a fast break and bouncing the ball off the backboard several times before shooting. McGinnis missed the record but showed why some critics said the ABA, with its comical red, white and blue ball, resembled a circus.)

The Bulls acquired Gilmore for the then-extravagant figure of \$1.1 million for three years, certain he was the man to lead Chicago out of the fading Jerry Sloan-Chet Walker-Norman Van Lier-Bob Love era and into new puskance. Gilmore was less sure. He'd been surprised to learn that many newspapers in NBA cities hadn't even printed ABA box scores, that his name meant next to nothing to NBA fans. And then, on his first night out in Chicago, he and teammate Mickey Johnson were turned away from B.B.C., a popular disco. Not enough ID's, said the doormen, meaning to Gilmore too tall, too black and not famous enough. He was stunned that this could happen in his new hometown.

Matters were worse on the court. The Bulls lost 14 of their first 16 games, and the press came down hard on Gilmore. He was too slow, too predictable, too impulsive, a waste of money. At about this time convicted murderer Gary Gilmore was to face a Utah firing squad, and Chicago Stadium was again yelling that maybe the wrong Gilmore was being executed. Artis jogged up and down the floor silently, brow furrowed, slightly walleeyed, dazed. "I could hear those people," he says. "I'm sensitive, analytical, I think about things way into the night. I started to have real doubts about myself—not anybody else—just me."

When 5' 9½" Enola Gay Maddox met Gilmore while he was attending junior college and she was in high school in nearby Shelby, she wasn't overly taken with the tall man. "There were no bells ringing," she says today. Only after Gilmore went to Jacksonville and they began

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writing each other did she realize that his quietness and sincerity were not a device, that he was "really a serious and gentle man." When Gilmore took up scuba diving shortly after their marriage in 1972, Enola Gay knew he was doing it to escape things on land. "The fish don't see him as anything special, just part of the landscape, I guess," she says. "But I can't swim, and I know there's danger down there. When we're on vacation in Florida, sometimes I'll wade out as far as I can and watch his bubbles, and wonder if I'm ever going to see him again."

Off court during that first season in Chicago it was fashionable among the players to wear high stacked heels, and with those and his full-blown Afro, Gilmore went about 7'9". He was too tall and he was nearly paranoid. He began avoiding public places. He hated going through airports because he dreaded the gawkers and the inevitable lines: "How's the weather up there?" "I don't like your altitude, Buster." He tried to sit as much as possible. But what pained him most was the rap that he was lazy and didn't try. Chicago fans, accustomed to the gung-ho play of The Human Chaiseau (Slouin) and The Flying Dutchman (Van Lier), couldn't comprehend a man who played the game with a blank face. Van Lier, who played two seasons with Gilmore and now does color for WVON's radio broadcasts of Bulls games, recalls urging his teammate to show more emotion.

"I don't care how much enthusiasm I showed," says the 6'1" Van Lier, who accumulated countless career technical fouls. "I couldn't win games. He could. I think it's an act of nature that big men are the way they are. Most of the destructive, dangerous men in history have been little guys with small-man complexes."

Then, abruptly, that 1976-77 team reversed itself, winning 20 of its first 24 games and finishing six games over .500. The fans came charging back for the first round of the playoffs, which Chicago narrowly lost to Portland, the eventual NBA champion. What had happened? As a team the Bulls had simply "jelled" (that banal, cookbook term for that most mystical of sporting phenomena), and Gilmore had played marvelously down the stretch. In one game against Seattle's Marvin Webster, he finished with 32 points, 17 rebounds, five assists and four blocked shots to Webster's nine points, 11 rebounds and no assists or blocks. In

a game against Philadelphia, Gilmore scored 29 points and grabbed 23 rebounds while holding Philly's entire center contingent of Darryl Dawkins, Harvey Catchings and Caldwell Jones to 13 points and 13 rebounds.

The fans and the press expected the magic to continue the next season, but it didn't. The Bulls lost something over the summer—no one is quite sure what—and haven't finished above .500 or made the playoffs since. And there are those who say the problem is still Gilmore's lack of effort. "That's wrong," says Bulls General Manager Rod Thorn. "Artis may look like he doesn't care, but he plays as hard as he can. It's not his personality to be vocal and obnoxious. Nobody realizes how many minutes he plays, how many fouls he takes or how far he has to move that huge body. Artis is not a finesse player like Jabbar or Sampson. He's a strength player who really takes a beating. And he's playing better this year than ever."

The Bulls, in fact, are daring to think playoffs once again. In hope, apparently, of battering opponents to death, Thorn and blue-jeaned Managing Partner Jonathan Kovler have assembled the tallest starting lineup in the NBA, averaging 6'9" across the board—6'7" Reggie Theus and 6'7" Bobby Wilkerson at guard, 6'9" Larry Kenon and 6'9½" David Greenwood at forward, Gilmore at center. In the past three weeks these Goliaths have won 10 of 14 games, and Chicago's 31-31 record, compared to 20-42 at this time last season, has given the Goliaths a 1½-game lead over Washington for the Eastern Conference's last playoff spot.

At times the Bulls have played like a big, slick machine, crashing the boards and flying down the court behind Theus' wild Las Vegas dealings. Chicago destroyed the Celtics 108-85 during its current hot streak by playing that way. But at other times the Bulls have looked lethargic, as when they lost to the wretched Dallas Mavericks in late January. "I guess we're just moody," shrugs Greenwood. "There are times I can feel,

yeah, it's there, and then it's gone. Don't ask me where."

Kovler intends to find it, wherever it has gone, regardless of cost. "We have unlimited funds to build up this team," he says determinedly. "All seven Bulls' owners are in the Jerry Bass-Fitz Dixon financial league. The names Arthur Wirtz, George Steinbrenner and Lamar Hunt should sound familiar. They're owners. Plus we haven't mortgaged our future. We have two first-round draft choices this year. And we have Artis. As Al McGuire says, 'The first thing you need is an aircraft carrier.'"

The Bulls have just crushed Golden State in Chicago, and Gilmore is lying on the locker-room floor with bags of ice underneath and on top of each knee. For years this is how he has unwound after games. There are people around him now, the press and others, and they are staring at him. Gilmore is worthy of inspection even when lying down. But he's oblivious to the onlookers, his eyes are closed, he's somewhere else.

Mike Adamele, the NBC sportscaster, is a friend of Gilmore's—Rudy repre-

continued



More Gilmores (from left) Tiffany, Enola Gay, Shawn, Priya



Opponents say that Gilmore has now become more aggressive

sents them both—and he understands the need people seem to have to simply look at Artis. Two summers ago while vacationing together in Jamaica, Adame, Gilmore and a few other Rudy clients spent an afternoon jumping off a 50-foot cliff into the sea. "All of us dropped according to Newton's law of gravity," says Adame. "Then Artis jumped, and it was wonderful, like suspended animation. It seemed to take him 30 seconds to hit water, this giant black swan. And that's the thing, you're mesmerized by Artis because he's such an awesome human being."

Eventually, Gilmore opens his eyes. Where has he been? Reviewing the game? Down on a reef somewhere, stabilized with a weight belt and custom-built flippers? Back in Chiple, the town of 3,347 where he was accepted—"Everybody knew me while I was growing, so it was no big thing"—but not expected to succeed? Nobody was. The town was poor and black. The high school court was outside, cracked asphalt, and rainouts were frequent. During cold spells players on the bench warmed themselves around bonfires. "I've never really been hungry," says Enola Gay. "But Artis has. We've talked a lot about

how he grew up, about how he dreamed of things he saw in books. It has made him thankful and humble. But he's very quiet, and there's so much he keeps inside."

Gilmore answers the reporters' questions in a soft, careful voice. He doesn't dislike the press, but he would be happy if sports-writers never talked to him. He doesn't care about the things they can give him—fame, controversy, a forum. What the Tall Man needs most is understanding. He lives under virtually total surveillance. At various times Abdul-Jabbar, Chamberlain, Bill Russell, Bill Walton, Moses Malone and others of their stature have become near recluses. All of them, if they chose, could speak knowingly of solitude, self-consciousness and the loneliness of crowds. Tom Boerwinkle, who was Gilmore's 6'11" backup for three years with the Bulls, talks of the night he and Gilmore sat for hours in a back booth in a dark little bar in Boston and "spilled our souls to each other." Boerwinkle won't say specifically what they talked about, just Tall Man stuff.

Friends say Gilmore is a different man away from basketball. Taken as just another tourist or good buddy, he soon acts that way. "I remember we—Herb Ruddy's crew—were at the Club Med in Martinique," says Adame. "We were watching the employees put on this rendition of *Hello Dolly*, and some of us were wondering why Artis wasn't around. We hadn't seen him in a while. It got down to the feature number, the big production, and when the curtain opened, there was Artis onstage, wearing a dress and with his hair in curlers, lip-synching the words to the title song. It was unreal."

Gilmore increasingly finds himself seeking wide-open places after hours, places where his height counts for little or nothing. Financially, he is well set, with real estate investments that should allow him plenty of time to decide on a career after basketball, something he is unsure about at present. In the off-season he spends time with his children,

travels, recoups. He enjoys golf—he wields a four-foot driver and an 18 hand-icap—and he wants to try gliding, but his real passion is scuba diving. "Ever since I saw *Sea Hunt* with Lloyd Bridges on TV as a kid, I told myself that if I ever got the money I was going to go diving," he says. "To enter another environment, to just float and look into another world and only hear bubbles, that's a pleasure."

In the locker room after games Gilmore would like to relax in his own fashion, which is alone. He plays his game alone, after all, in a different style from any other Tall Man, even Abdul-Jabbar.

The left-handed Gilmore sets up low, usually to the basket's left, and waits for the familiar drum of his opponents' shoulders, elbows and hands on his back. Once he feels the contact, he proceeds to push, to establish turf. When he gets the ball, he usually fakes left, as guards and other small people converge on him, takes one dribble to the right and looks for the dunk. The pattern is simple and predictable—Laker Guard Eddie Jordan once, while playing for the Nets, stole the ball from Gilmore three or four times in one half by sagging in on him—but it's done with great force. Indeed, Washington's Wes Unseld, among others, says Gilmore is the strongest man in the NBA. With a 32-inch waist and 27-inch thighs, Gilmore is built like the tight end he wanted to be. He exhausts people, crushes them. Boerwinkle says there's nothing more draining than trying to play offense with "your shoulder in Artis' armpit." Dallas' Tom LaGarde says he has to push so hard to get rebounding position on Gilmore that he often forgets to grab the ball.

Gilmore is the NBA's all-time field-goal-percentage leader with a .573 mark, primarily because he shoots only finger rolls, short hooks and dunks. But his percentage could be even higher if refs realized that a hacking or grabbing foul doesn't look the same when laid on Gilmore as it does on weaker players. In the recent All-Star Game, for instance, Gilmore went up for a sure slam only to find Jabbar's hands firmly clamped on his left wrist. Uncertain because Gilmore nearly got the shot off anyway, the refs called a jump ball.

Nice man that he is, Gilmore won't yell at officials. He'll look startled and walk around with his mouth agape and his arms held in front of him, kangaroo-

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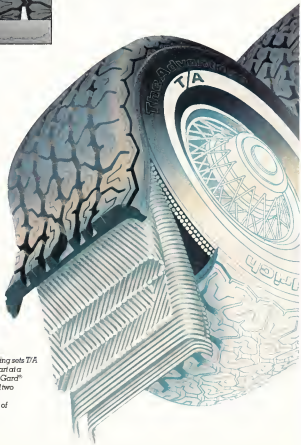


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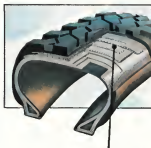


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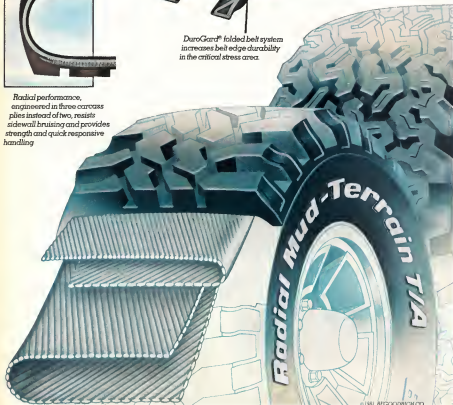


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like, and after a particularly bad call even lean against the basket stanchion and frown, but he doesn't have it in him to be obstreperous. In 10 years of pro ball he says he has gotten only four technicals. And he has been in very few fights, one of which he cares to speak about. "It was in an ABA game, and I'd gotten mad and chased Maurice Lucas into the corner of the court," he says. "All of a sudden he turned and swung at me and the next thing I knew I was on my knees." End of story. And the point? That you don't chase Maurice Lucas and that a Tall Man can hurt people easily.

The latter point is a source of fear for Gilmore. He and the other big men are just too big for their game. Gilmore doesn't know how hard he can push. Everybody has his Gilmore strength story. Adame's is this: he remembers seeing Gilmore good-naturedly pick up Jack Ham, the Steelers' 225-pound All-Pro linebacker, with one hand. A while ago Gilmore batted away a layup by Gerald Henderson of the Celtics, and when Henderson finally got up he had to be ushered to the hospital to get his crushed nose fixed. "I blocked his shot, that's all I did," says Gilmore sadly. In a recent Golden State game Gilmore blocked a layup by Guard Lorenzo Romar, and while the rest of the Bulls changed off on the break, Gilmore bent down to make sure Romar had returned safely to earth. Would Dave Cowens have done such a thing? Would Darryl Dawkins do it? Is such a thoughtful gesture a sign of strength or weakness for an NBA center? "I'll tell you one thing," says Philadelphia 76er Coach Billy Cunningham. "If somebody like Chamberlain or Gilmore had Cowens' personality, the whole world would be terrified of him."

This season, at any rate, Gilmore isn't quite the softie he may once have been. Surgery a year ago to remove cartilage in his right knee ended his remarkable Ironman streak of 670 consecutive pro starts: the string ran to nearly 900 consecutive starts if one counts all the way back to Gilmore's last miss—as a sophomore in high school. The first serious injury of his career gave Gilmore intimations of mortality; he worked hard during the off-season rehabilitating his knee and came to camp, according to Thorn, "aware of what this game means to him."

While Gilmore was being operated on, his wife was in another hospital recovering from the cesarean delivery of their

third daughter, Tiffany. The Gilmores' combined hardships gave them strength, made them realize that streaks are made to be broken, that all things pass. "It's like when we went to Japan on an NBA trip," says Enola. "I told everyone not to use my first name, which came to my mother when she was watching a movie about that plane while she was pregnant with me. I asked people to call me Mrs. Gilmore because I was afraid of being offensive to the Japanese. Then somebody slipped and called me Enola Gay. One of the Japanese men we were with immediately said, 'Enola Gay. Ah, very famous name in Japan.' I apologized, I was so embarrassed. But he said it was O.K., he understood. Life goes on, and people forgive and forget."

Sloan, now Chicago's coach, asked Gilmore to concentrate more this season on defense and rebounding and to let the other Bulls pick up the scoring slack. Gilmore has done that; his scoring average of 17.9 is the second-lowest of his career, but his field-goal percentage is an incredible .681 and his rebounding and shot-blocking averages, 10.9 and 2.4, respectively, put him among the league leaders in those categories.

A lot of what Gilmore is doing for the Bulls this season doesn't show up on paper. "I can think of a game against Washington in which Artis was just awesome," says Sloan. "He had 25 points, 15 rebounds and four or five blocked shots. But even more than that was the way he intimidated people—the way players came to the middle, saw him and traveled or threw the ball away. And I remember Artis going the length of the court and catching a guy from behind and blocking his shot. Those are things that mean more than points."

Players around the league also have noticed Gilmore's new aggressiveness. "People always said you could drive on Artis and he wouldn't go up and knock your stuff out of the air, like Dawkins will do just for the hell of it," says Milwaukee's Marques Johnson. "Well, I've gone up to dunk on Artis a couple times this season and he's given me my hat in my hand. I've played a few times against Chamberlain in the California leagues, and it seems to me he and Artis are very similar. Big, strong and, you know, get your hands out of the way."

Gilmore played against Chamberlain once, and he remembers the shorter (by

about 4"), heavier man as being "just humongous." Chamberlain blocked one of Gilmore's dunks, and Gilmore still considers that as something of a gift, a communiqué from one Tall Man to another.

Gilmore feels that a large part of success is just being in the right place at the right time. As an example, he cites Jim Plunkett in this year's Super Bowl. "What has happened here in Chicago is that until recently I haven't had talented players around me," Gilmore says. "I hope nobody gets upset, but most of the players were people who'd been cut somewhere else. But now we're moving. We could be a great team. Physically we're not lacking anything. Still, it's funny. The year we went to the playoffs we didn't have half the talent we do now, but we didn't lose games by making mental mistakes and not hustling, which this team does. It's hard to know when it's the right time and the right place."

Gilmore has enjoyed his years in basketball and figures he has about four more good seasons left in him, all presumably with Chicago, which in 1979 signed him to a "lifetime" seven-year contract, for a reported \$4.5 million. But it has never been easy. "Artis has pretty much come to grips with the fact that he stands out, that he's special," says Enola. "But there's a lot more he still has to deal with." Even Gilmore's supposed friend, the rim, has cracked him in the head a few times, extracting tufts of Afro that cling to the hoop like iron filings to a magnet. One time the rim even got his shoulder. But at least most people believe Gilmore can play now. The fans voted him the East's starting center in this year's All-Star Game, and the Sixers' Cunningham says, "We're very concerned about the way Gilmore is playing this season."

It is the All-Star Game, and Gilmore and Malone are locked in combat under the West basket, grappling fiercely. Abruptly one of them, it's impossible to tell which, loses his balance and together they crash to the floor, 450 pounds of flesh and bone.

Referee Darrell Garretson looks on, whistle in hand. No harm, no foul. What can he call, anyway? These men are out on the border, in a different zone. Everything they do is a foul, technically speaking. The game goes on, and the centers stand up and return to their niches in the Tall Man's world, the world where they do battle and where, slowly, Artis Gilmore is making his peace.

Two who can fill it up

Kevin Magee and Mike Ferrara have this in common: they can score by the score

The two leading scorers in Division I for most of this season are as unlike as two people could possibly be, but in a very real sense only 1.1 points separate them. Kevin Magee, the No. 1 scorer at 28.7 points per game, is a muscular 6' 8" center for the University of Cal-



Magee, a 28.7-point scorer, works the inside



Red Raider Ferrara is red hot from the outside

ifornia-Irvine Anteaters; Mike Ferrara, who is averaging 27.6 points and has been the No. 2 scorer in five of the NCAA's nine weekly listings, is a 6' 4" guard who plays at Colgate in the snowfields of upstate New York. Magee, who is black, comes from Gary, Ind. by way of Magnolia, Miss. Ferrara, who is white and of Italian extraction, grew up in New York City and, when he was a ninth-grader, moved to McAfee, N.J. It's peculiar that while both grew up in big cities, where basketball is the preeminent playground game, neither took to hoops until his family relocated in an isolated rural area. Says Ferrara, "I didn't really have much to do and basketball was the only thing I could practice by myself."

For all their dissimilarities, Ferrara and Magee have a great deal in common. Both have been migrant workers, so to speak—Ferrara is on his second school, Magee has fourth. And some critics consider their big point totals to be slightly talented. Ferrara put on such a show while scoring 26 points in a 77-58 loss at Ohio State in December that Buckeye fans gave him a standing ovation when he left the game. But Ohio State Coach Elston Miller was unconvinced. "He's not better than the people we see in our league," ho-hummed Miller. "You put a lot of those [Big Ten] players on his team, and they'd be able to score the way he does."

Magee gets slightly less verbal abuse than Ferrara, partly because UC-Irvine plays a tougher schedule than Colgate and also because Magee was recruited by powerhouses like Marquette, Houston and Nevada-Las Vegas. As a matter of fact, Magee was recruited by a lot of schools, and by and by he enrolled at most of them. It got to be a problem. His first school was Southeast Louisiana, but that didn't last very long. "I didn't like it too good," he says, "so I quit." He spent three months working in a steel mill in Amite, La., but, he says, "then I got tired of working so I went back to school." He thought he would give Houston a whirl. "I didn't like it down there, either," he says, "so I quit."

Already a mass matriculant, Magee hit 20. That's years, not points. Where to turn? Jack Holley suggested The College of Ozarks in Clarksville, Ark. Holley is the coach at The College of Ozarks. "This guy kept calling my house," says Magee. "So my mother said, 'Go check it out.' I went and checked it out, and I didn't like it." Holley suggested that Magee call Holley's friend Bill Mulligan at Saddleback College, a J.C. in Mission Viejo, Calif. "I called Coach Mulligan," Magee says, "and he said, 'Why don't you come check it out?' So I went and checked it out. And I liked it."

Mulligan is a short, round Irishman from Chicago with blue eyes and deep gray thickets for eyebrows. When he and Bob Newhart were in high school together,

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er in Chicago, everybody thought Mulligan would become the comedian. "In four years I never heard him say one funny thing," says Mulligan of Newhart. Magee liked Mulligan's unaffected style—the coach wore scuffed saddle oxfords on the bench when UCLA's stylish Larry Brown was still in Hush Puppies. In Magee's sophomore season, Saddleback was 34-1 and he averaged 29.3 points and 13.2 rebounds a game.

At Saddleback, Magee became friendly with Mulligan's son, Billy, who suffers from cerebral palsy and is confined to a wheelchair. "When Kevin came here," says Coach Mulligan, "he didn't talk much. Getting him out of his shell was a gradual process." As sports editor of the school paper, Billy Mulligan began to hound Magee for interviews. But because Billy's cerebral palsy made normal speech nearly impossible, Magee had to work extra hard at holding up his end of the conversation. "He always wanted to do stories about me," Magee says. "At first it was kind of frightening because he'd be trying to say something and I couldn't understand. But after a while it was cool. I took him to one of our parties after a game. He drinks his beer through a straw, but he likes to party."

When Coach Mulligan accepted the UC-Irvine job at the end of last season, Magee decided to go with him. No package deal, just loyalty. In three seasons of Division I play UC-Irvine had a miserable 22-56 record. Its arena was known on campus as The Library because the Anteaters' home games were always a nice quiet place to go and study. Since Magee and Mulligan arrived, UC-Irvine is 15-7 overall and tied for second in the PCAL. Moreover, the Anteaters lead the nation in scoring, at 88.9 points per game. As the Anteaters break from a huddle during time-outs, they stack their hands one on top of another and all yell "Zot!" You know, Zot!

Magee hasn't taken a shot from more than 10 feet from the basket since the last time he was transferred, which explains why he was shooting 68.7% at week's end, second in the division. (He's also one of the leading major-college rebounders, with a 13.1 average.) "He can really shoot from outside," says Mulligan, "but I'd have to be the altitude dummy to let him be popping from out there."

Mulligan is even trying to get his star pupil to show more interest in classwork. At Mulligan's behest, Magee is now

rooming with Point Guard Jason Works, because Works is a devoutly religious fellow who spends his spare time studying Scripture. The coach hopes that his good Works will be an inspiration to Magee and his teammates, a group not noted for exemplary study habits. Magee, however, has already shrewdly sized up the situation and shown Mulligan the error of his ways. "You think Jason is smart because he reads the Bible," Magee told Mulligan recently. "But he's as dumb as we is."

Ferrara, a senior playing in the media vacuum that is Hamilton, N.Y., takes the business of promoting himself very seriously. When he feels a cheerful handwritten note to a sportswriter will bring him what is only his due, he finds the time to compose the letter. "We're stuck out here in the middle of nowhere," Ferrara says plaintively, "and all anybody here cares about is football and hockey. I'm supposed to be a sleeper, and so far I'm doing a pretty good job of sleeping."

Ferrara's career has come close to nodding off several times. He was pursued by only a few small Eastern colleges because his high school was so small. Very soon after Ferrara signed to play at Niagara, Frank Layden, the coach who had recruited him, resigned. After an unhappy year there, Ferrara tried to persuade such non-powerhouses as New Hampshire, Vermont and Assumption to give him a scholarship, but they all insisted he try out as a walk-on. Once Ferrara had enrolled at Colgate, which doesn't grant athletic scholarships, he set out to "show some people who doubted my ability that they made a big mistake."

Last week he had an opportunity to do just that and made the most of it as the Red Raiders' record went to 9-15. On Wednesday he scored 35 points in a 68-62 victory at Niagara, and on Saturday he had 34 in a 67-60 loss to Vermont. This 69-point barrage kept Ferrara in a virtual tie for second place in the national scoring race with South Carolina's Zam Fredrick. The Gamecock guard scored 75 points against Furman and William & Mary last week to give him a 27.666 average, just ahead of Ferrara's 27.636. Although his 47.2% shooting is modest by Magee's standard, Ferrara, who scores mainly from the outside, leads his team in rebounding and assists. He is also a menacing defensive player, having made 76 steals.

Those stats are nothing compared with Ferrara's scoring numbers. Like Magee, his distinction is based on his high average. As someone once said, when that One Great Scorer comes to mark against your name, it matters not if you won or lost, but whether you went for a bundle.

THE WEEK

(Feb. 9-15)

by HERM WEISKOPF

MIDEAST Halfway through an overtime at Minnesota, Iowa's 6' 10" Steve Krafcsin took a pass 10 feet from the basket. With two Gophers draped around his neck, Krafcsin was unable to shoot at the apex of his jump, but he somehow shot on his way down. The ball went in, giving the Hawkeyes a 58-56 edge en route to a 60-58 win. The defeat was the third Big Ten OT loss at home for Minnesota, Iowa later defeated Northwestern 82-64.

Indiana also drubbed the Wildcats, 86-52, and then struggled to a 59-52 triumph at Wisconsin. The Badgers might have won except, in Coach Bill Coen's words, "We missed bunnies, chippies, you name it."

The Big Ten took on the look of the Three I League, with just Iowa and Indiana tied for first and Illinois one game back. Whipple-like Illinois guards Derek Harper, Perry Range and Craig Tucker, the team's invaluable sixth man, carried Illinois to two victories. They combined for 39 points and six assists, and Eddie Johnson scored 20 points as the Illini romped past Wisconsin 84-65. Harper, Range and Tucker then had 39 points and seven assists in a 63-57 win at Ohio State. Tucker, making the most of Play 22, scored eight consecutive points as Illinois moved in front 53-50. Describing Play 22, Tucker said, "All we do is put two guys on each side of the lane. If say man is overplaying me, I pop out and get the shot off a pick or shoot behind the double screen." After the Buckeyes squared matters at 55-41, Tucker put in a basket from behind a Johnson screen on one of the variations of 07. Still, the Illini might not have won had it not been for the job Derek Holcomb did on Buckeye center Herb Williams. Holcomb held Williams to nine points, only the third time in four seasons he failed to score in double figures.

Michigan had no such success against Williams, who got 24 points as visiting Ohio State won 105-87. When Williams wasn't tormenting the Wolverines, 5' 9" Todd Parn (34 points on 12-for-16 shooting) and Clark Kellogg (22 points and 19 rebounds) were. Michigan's Mike McGee had 37 points in that game and 23 in a 70-66 loss at Michigan State. Kevin Smith sank 10 of 14 field-goal attempts

continued

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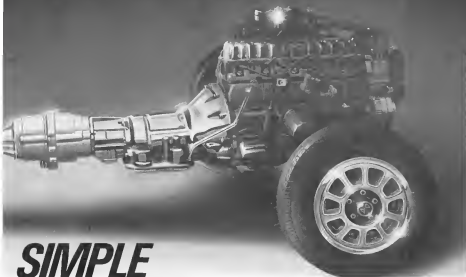


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and finished with 28 points for the Spartans. As a result, the Wolverines, who began the week in a three-way tie for first, slipped into a three-way deadlock for fourth. Purdue, which started off by winning 63-48 at Michigan State, was blown out 92-72 at Minnesota as 7' 2" Randy Breuer hit on 13 of 17 shots and had 29 points.

With Mark Aguirre scoring 22 of his 24 points in the first half, DePaul streaked past Creighton 83-57. In their next game, a 61-53 triumph at Evansville, the Blue Demons were led by Bernard Randolph, who outscored Aguirre 17-16. DePaul had difficulty putting away the Purple Aces, who trailed only 33-31 at halftime and who outrebounded the Blue Demons 36-29.

Alabama, which had toppled Kentucky 59-55 at home in January, lost to the Wildcats 79-63 in Lexington. Guard Dickey Beal and Forward Chuck Venderber, neither of whom played when Kentucky lost at Tuscaloosa, were decisive factors. "They added a new dimension," said Tide Forward Eddie Phillips. Hounded by Beal, Alabama's Eddie Adams, who scored 20 points in the teams' first meeting, sank just one of six shots from the field. Venderber had eight points and six rebounds. Sam Bowie, held to eight points at Tuscaloosa, had 21 points and 14 rebounds at home. Bowie was also impressive during a 62-55 victory at Mississippi, scoring 13 of his 25 points in a four-minute surge.

Tennessee, which was picked to finish in the middle of the SEC, clung to third place by beating Florida 53-52 and Vanderbilt 79-72. The Vols trailed the Gators by three with 1:39 left, but Michael Brooks pulled them through by sinking a pair of 22-footers.

Alabama missed 16 of its first 17 shots during a 70-57 loss at Louisiana State, but Georgia got off to a fast start against the Tigers, leading 28-16. Then Howard Carter made LSU a 64-62 winner by canting a long corner shot despite being double-teamed. Dominique Wilkins, who had 22 points for the Bulldogs against the Tigers, scored 29 as they beat Mississippi State 68-65.

Though Georgia is 14-8, things aren't quite so peachy for the state's other teams. Georgia Southern was 5-16 after defeating Arkansas-Little Rock 91-74 and losing to Mercer 60-58 in overtime. Georgia State, 4-19, lost to South Alabama 82-49 and New Orleans 77-58, but got its first Sun Belt Conference victory, beating Jacksonville 52-50. Georgia Tech, 0-11 in the ACC, fell to 4-19 overall after losing 54-50 to Troy (Ala.) State and 74-51 to Baptist of South Carolina.

WEST Utah, Wyoming and Brigham Young, which are one-two-three in the WAC, were all buswhacked on the road. Neither 30 points by Tom Chambers nor 27 by Danny Vranes could keep the Utes from being waylaid 83-74 by Hawaii. Aaron Strayhorn helped the Rainbows end

SI TOP 20

1. OREGON STATE (21-0)	1*
2. VIRGINIA (22-0)	2
3. DePAUL (22-1)	3
4. LOUISIANA ST. (23-1)	4
5. WAKE FOREST (20-2)	6
6. ARIZONA ST. (19-3)	5
7. KENTUCKY (18-4)	8
8. UTAH (21-2)	7
9. UCLA (16-4)	10
10. TENNESSEE (18-4)	9
11. NOTRE DAME (18-4)	12
12. N. CAROLINA (19-6)	11
13. IOWA (17-4)	14
14. BYU (18-5)	13
15. WICHITA ST. (19-2)	16
16. ILLINOIS (16-5)	17
17. INDIANA (16-6)	—
18. MARYLAND (16-7)	17
19. ARKANSAS (18-6)	—
20. KANSAS ST. (17-5)	—

* Last week

Utah's victory streak at 14 games by scoring nine of his 20 points in the final six minutes. BYU, down 72-62 with 57 seconds to go, put on a furious charge but lost at San Diego State. Though Danny Ainge got six of his 27 points in that rally, the Cougars fell short 73-72. The Aztec upset was engineered by Point Guard Tony Gwynn, who had 10 assists, sank nine of 10 shots and scored 21 points. Wyoming, victimized at New Mexico 57-36, returned to form in its next road game, beating Texas-El Paso 63-58.

Utah and BYU also won their other games. Vranes scored 18 points and got nine rebounds as the Utes held off San Diego State 62-53. And the Cougars beat stubborn Hawaii 77-72 behind 24 points by Fred Roberts and 17 by Ainge. That was the 102nd consecutive game in double figures for Ainge, an NCAA record.

San Francisco was also jured on the road, 102-99 at Pepperdine, as Dane Suttle of the Waves sank five free throws in the last minute of overtime. Suttle scored 27 points in all, and freshman Mark Wilson sank 11 of 13 field-goal tries as Pepperdine tied the Dons for first in the WCAC.

Arizona State narrowly averted a loss to Washington, prevailing 78-76 after being ahead by 18 points. At UCLA, it was the Sun Devils whose rally barely failed; their 19-8 split in the final 7:11 left them on the short end of a 64-61 score. The Bruins, who didn't have a field goal during the last 8:56, got their final points by converting 10 of their last 15 foul shots. UCLA also beat Arizona 90-79. Michael Holton scoring 24 points for the Bruins, Ron Davis 18 for the Wildcats.

Oregon State's Jeff Stout found his shoot-

ing touch during a 78-61 victory at Oregon. Stout, a 53.0% shooter from the field in the opening eight games of the season, had made only 30.0% in the first 11 Pac-10 games and scored just 12 points in the Beavers' last seven outings. But against the Ducks he came off the bench to sink eight of nine.

MIDWEST In Bradley's lopsided 87-65 loss at Wichita State, three Shockers were mainly responsible for stunning the Braves: Tony Martin had 19 points and six assists; Cliff Levingston 18 points and 13 rebounds; and Antoine Carr 20 points. Levingston likened Wichita State's play to "a train picking up speed." The Shockers also charged past Southern Illinois 81-61 to pad their MVC lead.

Like the Saturday night buckaroos who are flung from atop those mechanical broncos, the Oklahoma State Cowboys were thrown from a share of the Big Eight lead. First came a 73-70 jolt at the hands of Kansas State, whose Randy Reed scored 21 points. Leroy Combs had 22 for the Cowboys, even though he spent much of the second half in the locker room being treated for an allergic reaction to an unknown substance that caused his eyes to swell shut. In its next game Oklahoma State lost 85-57 at Colorado. Jo Jo Hunter pumped in 29 points for the Buffaloes, who had a 47-26 advantage in rebounds. Kansas State moved into a first-place tie with Nebraska by beating the Huskers 66-49. Nebraska had begun the week by winning 57-56 at Colorado when Jack Moore sank a first shot with one second remaining.

Arkansas, apparently recovered from a three-game midseason slump, extended its victory streak to seven by disposing of Baylor 67-50 and Houston 70-55. That left the Razorbacks and Cougars deadlocked for the top spot in the Southwest Conference.

Lamar, which shocked Oregon State in last year's NCAA regional quarterfinals, raised its record to 20-2. The Cardinals took a two-game lead in the Southland Conference with a pair of victories—90-87 in overtime at McNeese State and 79-75 against Texas-Arlington—as Mike Oliver scored 50 points and B.B. Davis added 43.

EAST Oregon State made its national television and Eastern debuts against St. John's. The Beavers won 57-45, but they weren't at their best. Oregon State's Steve Johnson displayed his usual soft touch by sinking 11 of 14 floor shots and scoring 26 points, but played only 18 minutes because of foul trouble. Largely because of poor shot selection the Redmen failed to score for the first 10:50 of the second half.

Notre Dame breezed past North Carolina State 71-55. The Irish got 24 points from Orlando Woolridge, shot a lofty 80% in the second half and sank 23 of 28 floor shots, while the Wolfpack made only one of three.

Virginia had a tougher time with North Carolina State. The Cavaliers didn't go ahead to stay until the final 2:16, when they sank six straight free throws to win 51-46. Virginia moved closer to its first regular-season ACC title with a 73-58 victory over Clemson. Twelve points and 12 rebounds by Ralph Sampson and 19 points by Jeff Lamp helped Virginia win its 27th straight since losing to the Tigers in last season's ACC tournament.

It's not uncommon for North Carolina to outscore an opponent 16-2 during a second-half spurt. It is unusual, though, when the spurt merely cuts the opposition's lead from 62-32 to 64-48, which is what happened against Wake Forest. "I can't remember as being dominated like that, especially here," Coach Dean Smith said after the 84-68 defeat. The loss, coupled with the previous week's defeat by Virginia, marked the first time since 1973 that the Tar Heels had dropped back-to-back games at Chapel Hill.

PLAYER OF THE WEEK

CLIFF LEVINGTON: During Wichita State's Missouri Valley Conference victories over Southern Illinois and Bradley, the 6' 8" sophomore forward had a total of 29 rebounds and 34 points and passed off for nine assists.

On Sunday, North Carolina knocked off Maryland 76-63 as AJ Wood scored 28 points.

Earlier, Wake Forest decked Duke 58-52, and Maryland squeezed past Clemson 72-70 when Ernest Graham scored from underneath at the buzzer. Two other Terps helped set up the victory, Albert King with 28 points, and Buck Williams with 16 rebounds.

Rhode Island and West Virginia, which are one-two in the Eastern Eight, both followed defeats with victories. The Rams lost to St. Bonaventure 63-58, and the Mountaineers were bumped off by Duquesne 69-64. Then Rhode Island defeated George Washington 72-70, and West Virginia beat Rutgers 73-67.

St. John's and Boston College remained tied for first in the Big East, the Redmen by overcoming Connecticut 72-65, the Eagles by beating Providence 70-55. In a non-conference game, Holy Cross ambushed Boston College 86-74. Connecticut was a 65-63 victor at Syracuse, where a national-record crowd of 26,257 for an on-campus game showed up. The Orangemen had opened the week by holding off Georgetown 66-64 as Dan Schayes scored 18 points and got a conference-record 23 rebounds.

Robin Hooey's shot at the buzzer gave American University a 71-69 triumph over LaSalle. It also put the Eagles alone at the top of the ECC's Eastern Division.

With Harvard, previously unbeaten in Ivy League play, losing 73-63 to Penn and 72-48 to Princeton, the Tigers took undisputed possession of first place.

END



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The two most interesting 3-year-olds of the California winter racing season are stabled no more than 50 yards apart at the northwest corner of the Santa Anita backstretch. The massive bay colt—he stands about 16 hands 3 inches, and he's still growing—housed in Barn 118 is regally bred and is valued at more than \$1 million, though his career to date consists of only two races. His name is Flying Nashua and his famous father, Nashua, was not only a millionaire racer

himself in the mid-1950s but remains a prolific sire today at a pensioner's age of 29.

Located not far from Flying Nashua in Barn 119 is a steel-gray colt by an undistinguished sire named Lord Stapleton, who won only two races and \$8,195 during three injury-marred seasons at minor league tracks. Two years ago a veterinarian recommended that Lord Stapleton's first racing son be humanely destroyed; 11 months ago the colt was sold at

to the Wells Fargo Bank. In any case, the question of whether the colt's racing career continues will be decided by either the courts or the California Horseracing Board, and they had better get the giddy-up on: Johnlee n' Harold has been nominated to the \$60,000 Gold Rush Stakes at Golden Gate this week, the Santa Anita Derby in April and the Kentucky Derby in May.

Normally, Southern California racing goes about its booming business with nary a ripple to stir its placid pond. However, Johnlee n' Harold and Flying Nashua have been stirring up ominous waves in Have-a-Nice-Day land.

As the 1980 California season neared its conclusion, five major 2-year-old stakes races had been run and each had produced a different winner, only one of them the favorite. And when Johnlee n' Harold beat 13 more fashionably bred opponents in the California Breeders' Champion Stakes, it was the final straw. In its previous two runnings the race had been won by excellent horses, Jaklin Klugman and Flying Paster. What on earth was a Johnlee n' Harold doing in the winner's circle?

After all, he'd been bred and foaled on a five-acre farm owned by Richard L. Brown near San Diego. While cavorting in a field one day, he injured himself when he fell over backwards and his withers got knocked into his shoulder. Brown disdained a vet's advice to "put the colt down" and readied him for sale in March of 1980. The horse went under the hammer at Hollywood Park for \$2,500 to Bill Esquivel of Los Angeles.

One morning three months later, a man saw Cow Buyer, as Brown had named the gray colt, work out at Hollywood and offered Esquivel a staggering \$25,000 for him. According to Esquivel, that man was Harold Smith, who eventually paid \$32,000 in cash for the colt. Smith's wife is called Lee, and his son is named John. The colts Johnlee n' Harold raced under were black with a pair of gray boxing gloves. Naturally, it was assumed around the track that Smith, not Blake, owned the colt.

In his first start at Del Mar, Johnlee n' Harold beat only one of 10 opponents,

continued

Flying Nashua and Johnlee n' Harold are the West's best hopes for a Triple Crown winner—that is, if they can manage to stay on the track and out of the courts

Tops in the litigation derby



King trains Johnlee n' Harold; who owns him?

auktion for \$2,500. Originally, the gray 3-year-old was named Cow Buyer, today he is Johnlee n' Harold. Nobody knows for certain who owns Johnlee n' Harold, but speculation ties him to the principal figure in boxing's latest scandal. Unfortunately, these two Triple Crown-bound horses may, because of bizarre circumstances, never meet in a race.

On a forbidding afternoon last week, Flying Nashua drove down the long Santa Anita stretch to win the West's first important 3-year-old race of the year, the \$67,450 San Vicente Stakes, by a nose. Where, one might wonder, did Johnlee n' Harold finish? Just where he started, in Barn 119. Johnlee n' Harold had been entered in the San Vicente but was scratched by order of the stewards because of the questions about his ownership. The registration papers on Johnlee n' Harold indicate that he's the property of Michael I. Blake, an employee of Muhammad Ali Professional Sports Inc. But since Johnlee n' Harold won the \$93,400 California Breeders' Champion Stakes in December for his second straight victory, it has been many observers' impression that he's actually owned by Harold J. Smith, the mysterious boxing promoter of MAPS who is suspected of having galloped off with \$21.3 million belonging

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and shortly thereafter he got a new trainer, Hal King. "I knew he was something special the first time I saw him," says the 60-year-old trainer. King bought his first racehorse at Hollywood Park in 1947 for \$500, and a few years later went to Mexico to, as he says, "learn the culture, the people and the language." While in Mexico City he met the leading trainer there, Lazaro Sosa Barrera, and they became fast friends. After King returned to California, Barrera followed and the two worked the same stable. King was the groom, Barrera the hot-walker.

King's subsequent career as a trainer hasn't been as successful as that of the renowned Barrera, though two years ago King finished third in the trainer standings at Santa Anita, a remarkable achievement for a man who runs essentially a claiming stable. That's why the controversy surrounding Johnnie n' Har- old obviously hurts him. "I have never been to a Kentucky Derby," says King. "Laz Barrera invited me when he ran Bold Forbes and Affirmed, but I didn't go because I decided a long time ago I'd go only if I had a horse I could take there. I've got one now but I don't know whether I'll ever get there."

Years ago in a Catholic church in Mexico City, King, a Jew, put his hands on a boy's head and promised he would watch over the child should anything happen to his father. "It was one of the proudest moments of my life," King says. The boy was Laz Barrera's son, Larry. Young Barrera, 20, trains Flying Nashua, a horse he got when a 43-year-old Los Angeles surgeon, Ulf K. Jensen, walked into his office one day and said he had a 2-year-old he wanted Larry to handle. Barrera had recently won four major stakes in a week, and Jensen had read about him in the *Daily Racing Form*.

Jensen, who was born in Denmark, is a man with a dream—winning the Kentucky Derby. In 1978 he went around the country and looked at a lot of yearlings. "I didn't buy any of them," he says, "but I have a fascination with Nashua and ended up underbidding on one of his colts. In the end I bought a Nashua weanling because the price—which was about \$45,000—was lower." He named the weanling Flying Nashua.

When Larry Barrera first saw Jensen's horse, he couldn't believe his eyes. "He was the biggest colt I'd ever seen," Barrera says. "I knew that he couldn't be

a 2-year-old, as Jensen claimed. I curled his lip back and looked at the teeth. He was a 2-year-old! I even had X rays taken to check out his bone structure. The first time I sent him out to the track, an amazing thing happened. My horse stood still while all the other horses looked at him. He somehow knew he was something special and just turned his head, looked at the other horses and strode off."

Barrera trained Flying Nashua cautiously through last summer, waiting for the colt to grow into his size. But Barrera never got paid. Jensen was in the midst of a complicated divorce action, and his cash was tied up. Barrera took it calmly. "I had a feeling I had something, and I wasn't going to worry about the bills," he says. Barrera entered the colt in a six-furlong race at Santa Anita on Jan. 17. Tardy at the gate, Flying Nashua fell 18 lengths behind the field. At the top of the stretch he began his run, swooped past his 10 opponents and won.

Word quietly got around Santa Anita that a "freak" had been uncovered, and the horse became a big talking point—and a source of problems for Jensen and his young trainer. When they tried to collect the purse after that first win, they discovered it had been seized by the doctor's former wife, who had also placed a lien on the horse. If Jensen couldn't come up with \$90,000, Flying Nashua would be sold at auction.

Barrera was owed \$18,469.02 by Jensen and was advised by a lawyer to sue the doctor because he might be left out in the cold if the horse were auctioned off. "I didn't want to file any papers," Barrera says. "One morning an Orange County marshal arrived at the barn and tacked up two notices of suit. On the right side of the horse's stall was Jensen's wife's suit and on the left was mine. I didn't sleep for two weeks."

Other trainers began coming around the barn to look at Flying Nashua, and offers of more than a million dollars were mentioned. But on the morning Flying Nashua was to be sold, Barrera looked out the barn door and saw a sheriff's car drive up. Jensen was in the backseat with a receipt for having made the \$90,000 payment. It was only 20 minutes before the auction was to begin.

But for the two weeks that there was a lien against Flying Nashua, Barrera had to train him with a marshal looking over his shoulder. Barrera was told that Fly-



When Barrera speaks, Flying Nashua listens

ing Nashua couldn't go out on the track because the colt might be injured and diminish his value. "The horse was going crazy," Barrera says, "so when the marshal would go away, I'd sneak the horse on the track. I'm not a lawyer, I'm a horse trainer. Finally, they served papers on me for training the horse, and all I could do was have the colt walked under the shed."

"While I had liked the horse before, I fell completely in love with him under the circumstances. You can talk to horses, but you never know if they hear you or not. I tried to explain to him that all men were not bad and that if things ever worked out I would make it all up to him. When we finally got to keep Flying Nashua, I was able to get only one work-out into him before the San Vicente."

"When he won the San Vicente, it was the most amazing thing I'd ever been through. I was drained and happy and believed that man could do things right after all. Before the race, Dr. Jensen gave me the check for the money he owed me. To get the horse to the racetrack, he had to sell 20% away to satisfy the lien. But we kept Flying Nashua. Now, thank God, we can do right by him."

END

The belief in an ever better tomorrow, the conviction that obstacles exist to be overcome and that the U.S. has a strong and beneficial role to play in the world—these constitute the American secular religion. For some time now, that religion has been corroded by doubt. Intractable inflation seems to have turned the good life into a treadmill and has shaken our confidence in the future—America's last frontier. Our industry appears to have lost its productive magic, its daring, and sometimes even its competence. Our government is intrusive, inept—and expensive. Our democracy too often produces only mediocrity and deadlock.

Abroad, allies whom we rescued from the shambles of World War II defy us, former enemies whom we defeated now often outproduce and outtrade us. Our power is challenged by growing Soviet ambitions and military prowess; by OPEC's endless extortions; by a chaotic, largely hostile Third World. Much of this situation was symbolized by two recent events that showed the U.S. relatively powerless: Russia's invasion of Afghanistan and the Iranian hostage crisis.

Is this what has become of the American Century?

Not really. America's domestic and foreign crises are genuine. But they have been widely exaggerated. The U.S. is more self-critical than any other nation; it is also more resilient than most. The U.S. has not suddenly turned into a second-rate power, nor even (as is sometimes suggested) into just another big power. It remains unique. It has immense resources—physical, intellectual, spiritual—that are not being fully or rightly used. An American renewal is entirely possible. But it is not inevitable. It will not be accomplished by rhetoric, chest-thumping, self-hypnosis. It will take great and disciplined effort and exact a considerable price. It will also require a virtue rare in America: patience.

That is the theme of the special editorial undertaking by all of Time Inc.'s magazines this month: American Renewal.

The need for renewal ranges well beyond economics, politics and defense; it encompasses ethics, morale, social and spiritual values. That fact and a desire to

reach the largest possible audience are the reasons why we decided to spread this special project among all our publications, including those not primarily concerned with public policy. In more than a score of articles altogether, each of the magazines treats a different set of issues and offers suggestions about what should be done.

We have not tried to cover every topic worthy of attention, and we make no claims to unique answers or unique wisdom. We expect disagreement and debate. But as journalists who believe that our role should be constructive as well as critical, we have given the nation's problems much thought; we also have made a sizable effort to sift the thinking of others and to present what we believe to be the best and most promising proposals. We hope that concerned citizens and experts, in many groups, organizations, schools and colleges—possibly even in government—will consider these issues anew. Our chief purpose is to dispel the notion that nothing can be done. Thus we also report on many people who have in fact done a great deal, have already begun their own American Renewal.

Work on the project started last May, long before the outcome of the election was discernible. Some of our recommendations parallel Reagan administration policies or promises; many differ sharply from them. In general, we have not worried about what seems politically easy or feasible, but about what seems right.

America's ills are attributed to changes abroad and, variously, to lack of will, failure of nerve, moral decay, selfishness and sloth, the shattering of community feeling. One can find signs of all of these, but the key may be something else: the fact that Americans want just about everything, without considering or fully understanding the cost. We want freedom as well as order, individual liberty as well as equality, safety as well as the benefits of risk-taking, a wide-open society as well as less crime, material wealth as well as spiritual worth—without stopping to think that each of these values takes something away from the other. To use an ungainly but accurate word, we have forgotten the trade-offs.

At home, the most urgent area of renewal is, of course, the economy: curbing inflation by restoring productivity and

by limiting government spending. The solution to this all too familiar problem lies in politics more than in economics: Can American democracy, or any modern democracy, restrain the excessive demands made on the society? Can the drift toward the welfare state and egalitarianism be halted without betraying the ideal of social justice? To accomplish this—and everything else we need and want—one thing is essential: sustained economic growth. This means rejecting the disastrous gospel that growth is impossible or wrong, and that small is always beautiful. Moreover, we should firmly keep in mind that socialist, rigidly planned economies are in deep trouble almost everywhere. These matters are examined in several articles in FORTUNE and MONEY magazines.

The second great task of renewal involves our political system, which sometimes alarmingly recalls the creeping paralysis of the Third and Fourth French republics. The goal must be once again to strengthen the presidency, to undo some of the misguided reforms that have made Congress so unmanageable, to curb the monstrous federal bureaucracy and to counter the power of single-issue constituencies. Contrary to some critics, we believe that much of this can be accomplished without major changes in the Constitution. We also see the need for revitalizing the political parties and for limited changes in our electoral system, which has been distorted by, among other factors, the questionable notion that the best thing for democracy is more democracy. These issues are examined by TIME.

As for the renewal of American power in the world, a subject also treated by TIME, it will depend on certain changes in attitude. When it has not been actively intervening, America has viewed its influence abroad as somehow automatic, simply radiating outward through the shining example of the country's strength and goodness. If this was ever true, it surely no longer is. If we Americans want to be a power in the world, we will have to pay for it—and not only in money. For example, it is difficult for a country to be taken seriously

Renewal



as a world power if it refuses to have a military draft in an era of obvious crisis. The U.S. needs the draft.

At the same time we must take a more balanced view of the world. We are often unrealistic in overestimating the Soviets, who have serious troubles of their own. But we are also unrealistic when we feel that any success anywhere in the world not only by the Soviets and their avowed allies but by any kind of revolutionary force is a defeat for us that should be resisted and reversed. No empire since antiquity has had that kind of power. The overwhelming predominance we enjoyed following World War II, with most of the industrialized world in ruins and America in sole possession of the atomic bomb, can never be restored. We will have to face choices about where we want to bring our power to bear.

We also must realize that military might is a necessary but not a sufficient condition for American influence. It is no substitute for intelligence, sophistication, flexibility and political action, both overt and covert. Especially in the Third World, nationalism is the most potent force, and we must try to work with it rather than against it. In general we must understand that the exercise of power is a continuous task. On the world scene, as perhaps in life, there are no permanent solutions or victories. To win means to stay committed, and to maneuver.

Success in all this depends on renewal in the realm of intellect and spirit. It requires maintaining our already contested lead in science and technology and developing a many-sided energy policy not hampered by, among other things, hysterical fears of nuclear power. These topics are examined in DISCOVER. Success also requires a nation that is far better educated than we are now, a problem addressed in LIFE. We must recover a view of education beyond a certain point, not as a right, but as a privilege. Education must no longer be regarded as painless but as an enterprise in which intelligence, talent, effort and discipline are prized rather than devalued, as they are now. Examining the elusive topic of the country's moral fiber, SPORTS ILLUSTRATED looks at competition in America and its importance not only in sports but in all areas of life. PEOPLE takes up the forces battering the American family, as well

as the deep needs that keep it together. PEOPLE also looks at the role that can be played by volunteers, as shown by individuals whose unselfish work has made a real difference in their communities.

Despite the heartening example of such commitments, we face a crisis of moral responsibility, which is considered by TIME. Many people are either unwilling to take up their responsibilities or unable to discern what they are. Our society as a whole is not only without an effective religious ethic, its codes of secular morality are in tatters. It is hard to imagine a plan of action, a practical program, for a moral revival. We can preach and listen to preachers; we can try to do good ourselves and organize good works; we can, and should, reexamine the philosophical source of our laxness. But in the end, we will undoubtedly find that a resurgence of values will not be brought about by moralizing vigilantes, by legislation or constitutional amendment. A respect for authority, a sense of duty and a degree of self-restraint—these will never be restored in a society that has slipped too far. But in a society like ours that still has great reservoirs of sound moral strength, they will be restored almost mysteriously, through natural growth, as a result of millions of individual decisions and efforts. There is much evidence that, in reaction against the permissive excesses of the '60s and '70s, people (especially the young) have begun to rediscover a desperate need for standards, and that the self-worship of the "me decade" is giving way to a new sense of mutual support.

The problems of race remain a standing reproach to American morality. Tremendous progress has been made during recent decades in stamping out discrimination, but economically troubled times always reveal its lingering presence. The fight against it must continue, and so must a measure of "affirmative action," preferably without the excesses of government bureaucracy. Anything less would badly tarnish an American Renewal.

One of the greatest falsehoods spread in recent years is that people are powerless. Far from it. We have seen the advance of a breathtaking series of organized causes, from the environmental movement, which became a major force in less than a generation, to women's rights and the anti-abortion campaign. In

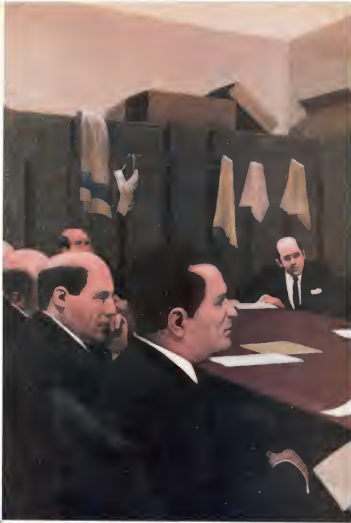
fact, far too much effort is expended on single issues. They may or may not be worthy in themselves. The point is that these crusades downgrade or ignore overriding national issues and ultimately the broad national interest. It happens partly because people are uncertain as to just what the national interest is, and so these narrow causes become their substitute communities, their homes.

Yet the success of these drives has demonstrated that we have an ability unmatched in any other modern democracy to organize for the reshaping of society. The crucial task now is to restrain this capacity and guide it toward broader issues so as to make possible at least a measure of consensus and unity.

The Founding Fathers recognized and denounced the "spirit of faction." That spirit has always existed in our highly contentious nation; the broad consensus that supposedly prevailed in earlier days is largely a nostalgic illusion. We will never turn into a republic of virtue, animated by perfect brotherhood. We are too large, too varied, too free and too human for that. But in the past at least we usually managed to rule ourselves through rough accommodation, based on the recognition that while I may subdue my neighbor on one issue today, he may subdue me on another tomorrow. The Founders thought of this as civic virtue, as self-interest rightly understood. That is what we must retrieve.

To believe in an American Renewal one must ultimately believe in individual Americans: those countless citizens who, despite all the doubts, the heedlessness, the disorder of the society, go about their lives with courage and patience, slangy competence and cheerful persistence, with some larceny and some anger and some kindness—and above all with the odd conviction that their country is still an experiment and that it must stand for something beyond mere survival. These are not exclusive American virtues, but they are human virtues with a very American accent, and they surely must inspire a sense of love and hope.

Henry Grunwald
Editor-in-Chief



A Game Plan for



America

If the lessons of sport—discipline, competitiveness, teamwork—are to have value in society at large, if indeed the path to the boardroom leads through the locker room, we had better change our priorities

by John Underwood

CONTINUED



Salt Lake City, Oct. 24, 1980: A South High football player, heretofore regarded as an exemplary youngster, pummels the referee during a state playoff game. Surgery is needed to repair the official's shattered cheek, and the boy is expelled from school.

Teton, Idaho, Nov. 7, 1980: The principal of Teton High is so angered by a referee's failure to call two pass-interference penalties against his school's football opponent that he goes to the sideline and confronts the offending official, punching him in the stomach and knocking him to the ground. The principal is subsequently fined \$500 and banned from attending Teton High games for the remainder of the school year. The coach charges that the official was "verbally abusive," and the principal is partly exonerated when the referee's name is removed from the Idaho High School Activities Association's list of "approved" officials.

Miami, Nov. 28, 1980: A series of ugly incidents that caused the cancellation of one high school football game and erupted into fan violence at another continued in the Region AAAA championship game. With time running out, a South Miami High halfback fumbles a badly executed hand-off. The loose ball is picked up by a Columbus High player who runs 50 yards for the winning touchdown. Some of the halfback's teammates curse and taunt him, swing their helmets at him, try unsuccessfully to keep him off the team bus and call him every name in the book. During the bus ride back to South Miami High, the players, who are all black, call their white coaches "honkie crackers." The halfback, who is also black, needs a police escort to get out of the school parking lot.

Lake City, Mich., Dec. 11, 1980: The basketball coach at Lake City High is allegedly assaulted in his home by a father who is angered that his son isn't getting enough playing time. The coach isn't seriously injured, but the next day

officials of Lake City Area Schools vote to suspend all sports activities. On the same day, Milwaukee County Prosecutor Gary C. Hoffman filed charges of assault and battery against the father. He will stand trial on March 19.

Coral Gables, Fla., Dec. 20, 1980: Long after the day's matches in the Orange Bowl Junior Tennis Tournament have concluded, a father verbally assaults an umpire in the parking lot outside the Biltmore Tennis Center. "You cheated my son, you bum," the father says. The 10-year-old son, who stands nearby with tears in his eyes, cries out, "You tell 'em, Daddy!"

THE LESSONS OF SPORTS

Competition can't serve a society if it's antisocial. Winning at any cost and true sportsmanship are incompatible. "You can win and still not succeed, still not achieve what you should," says Indiana University Basketball Coach Bobby Knight. "And you can lose without really failing at all." Dr. Thomas Tutko, a California sports psychologist, says, "Learning to compete is quite different from winning or losing. It's not the product, but the process that's good." We've gotten away from "feeling good about doing sports," he adds. We've made AP polls and being No. 1 and winning the Super Bowl the only measures of a successful season. Thus it becomes easy to rationalize any means used to win. "We say that if you win, you're dedicated, hardworking, altruistic," concludes Tutko. "If you lose, you're none of the above."

Which isn't the way it's supposed to be. The idea that athletic endeavor—win, lose or draw—is essential to the clear-headed, well-rounded individual is a very old one, extending back to the ancient Greeks. The view that sports competition—especially of the team variety, with its blend of cooperation and self-discipline for the good of the whole—is beneficial, even necessary, to building and maintaining a healthy, productive society is less venerable. It evolved in 19th-century England (see box on page 68) and quickly took hold in America. Lessons learned by young athletes on the playing field have served them and the nation well in battle, in boardrooms, in the U.S. Senate. General Douglas MacArthur said that the seeds of victory in World War I were sown on "the fields of friendly strife." Harvard sociologist David Riesman tells us, "The path to the boardroom leads through the locker room." U.S. Senator Alan Cranston of California, a former world-class sprinter, says, "I wouldn't be where I am today were it not for athletics."

And these men are not alone in espousing the theory that sports can serve an important role in molding youth and, therefore, the future of society. This belief is held by a wide spectrum of Americans, most of them realists who know sport has never been perfect but nonetheless feel it can—and, perhaps, should—show man in a better light than most other fields of endeavor. Former astronaut and Eastern Air Lines Chief Executive Officer Frank Borman says,

Violence against refs is one symptom of sports' sickness of integrity.





Dr. Spock, a gold medal-winning Olympic oarsman "Crew made me."

"Sports taught me that if you want to reach a goal you have to sacrifice for it. Second, that the team and the institution are more important than the individual. Both of these lessons were reinforced for me by Colonel Blaik when I was manager of the West Point football team. Very few people have influenced my life in a more positive way than Colonel Blaik or my high school coach, Rollin T. Gridley." Dr. Benjamin Spock, 1924 Olympic gold medal-winning oarsman and expert on child rearing, says, "I was a chinless mother's boy. Crew made me."

In recommending doctoral students for jobs, Riesman favors those who have "endured beyond endurance." Amid the welter of young people "frightened of risks, frightened of taking charge, frightened of pulling up stakes," he prefers those "who extend themselves. The best athletes know how to do that." In a word, they're competitors, their competitiveness having been nurtured in an atmosphere that tested their endurance, courage and skills, because that's exactly what sports are at their best do.

Ideally, sport exalts fair play: You win only when you've made a superior effort, not because you've found a way to circumvent the rules. Games are meant to be waged in the open, according to the rules and firm standards of conduct. "Sport's the only place we have left where we can start even," says Alabama Football Coach Bear Bryant. At least, that's how it's supposed to be.

The vernacular of achievement in all areas of our culture is studded with references to athletics: "team man," "second effort" and so forth. And competitive sport tells us that it's O.K. to win. Even important to win. Dr. A. Bartlett Giamatti, the president of Yale, says that winning in sports has "a joy and discrete purity to it that cannot be replaced by anything else." It is, he says, "something powerful, indeed beautiful, in itself; something as necessary to the strong spirit as striving is necessary to the healthy character."

But sport has told us it's O.K. to lose, too. That vital mes-

ILLUSTRATIONS BY DENNIS LIZAK

sage seems somehow to have been lost. In team sports in America today, losing is no longer acceptable. There is a fanatical drive to win. Not for the Gipper or Old Blue. But for the gate receipts and TV money. And while you're at it, you'd better be one of the stars; if you warm the bench, if you merely try hard, you're a nobody, maybe even in the eyes of dear ol' Dad, Jim Lynch, the former Notre Dame and Kansas City Chiefs linebacker, recently was introduced to the father of a K.C. rookie. Lynch told the father that he didn't know his son personally but that he'd heard nice things about the young man, that the son was well thought of by the Chiefs. The father was contemptuous. "He's not starting, is he?" he said to Lynch. "He's not Number 1. That's what it's all about, isn't it?" Lynch walked away, relieved that the man was not his father.

Sports, of course, reflect the society in which they're played. To expect them to be pristine in the era of Watergate, illegal corporate payments to foreign governments, Abscam and the like would be illogical. In fact, team competition, once so highly regarded as a positive force in the lives of the young, may now be a negative factor.

COMPETITION CORRUPTED

Competition is, of course, good, even essential for the individual and society. It provides much of our incentive to get things done, to make things better. But as good as competition can be, it also can be a detriment if it is wrongly brought into play. "I don't believe we suffer from a lack of competitiveness. If you're talking about the athletic virtues, what we really suffer from is a lack of teamwork," says Lester Thurow, MIT economist, avid mountain climber and former high school football player, who has studied competitive behavior in various societies.

continued

Athletes bring to other endeavors an ability to endure beyond endurance.





"The basic values of sport have shifted," says the Rev. Jesse Jackson, the civil-rights leader and former college football and sandlot baseball star, who has a special interest in education. "Athletes used to operate on the theory of enduring short-term pain for long-term pleasure. You endured the short-term pain of getting into shape, you studied to get into college, you sacrificed early in life so you could prevail in the fourth quarter. All that has been replaced by a Quick-Six Generation that only wants the easy score."

"The great coaches were concerned about character. They taught quarterbacks, 'If you can't control yourself, you can't control the team.' When TV began to create more pressure on coaches to win, they began to make concessions. They put style ahead of substance. Kids were allowed to play when they should've been academically ineligible. That took away academic incentive. Kids were shot up with cortisone so they could play with injuries. Tutors were hired to keep the kids in school. The death of ethics is the sabotage of excellence. The concessions we've made lead the athletes to short-term pleasure and long-term pain."

Winning has become so paramount that other important values that should be inculcated by sports—teamwork, discipline and a sense of fair play—aren't much evident in American sports today.

The phony academic transcripts for athletes, the no-show classes for jocks, the sort of violence described in the incidents at the beginning of this article are symptoms of a "sickness of integrity," as the noted psychoanalyst Rollo May puts it. It's an illness that "clings to money as the proof of all the goals in life," that unduly elevates winning, that makes losers vike. Curing the malady won't be easy, because it means recognizing as destructive some things that have come to seem normal, even necessary, in sports today.

First, we must do something about the bigness at sports' upper level that's suffocating them at the learning level:

- **The big money.** Not just the huge pro salaries; they're only part of a whole system of megabucks that teams, pro and amateur, and players get from television and other sources. The costs of sport, in both monetary and human terms, are too high. Remember: The big winners get most of the big money.
- **The big eye.** TV isn't bad per se, but sport has allowed itself to be swept up by the tube. This fall, when archrivals Florida and Florida State switched their football game from Nov. 22 to Dec. 6 to reap a \$300,000 fee for appearing on national television, State Coach Bobby Bowden succinctly stated the attitude of most major-college sports administrators when he said that his Seminoles would "play at 3 a.m. if television wants us." The custodians of our games think they're the winners in this; they believe they've made TV pay those big, happy sums. Actually what television has done is buy sports off. Remember: The big winners get most of the TV exposure.
- **The big players.** The 300-pound defensive ends and 6' 8" basketball guards are merely the most visible examples of a specialization in sports that now begins—disastrously for many athletes—in the preteen years. It has made the three-letter man in college rarer than the whooping crane, and it could rob generations to come of the joys and character-

building benefits of participation in team games. Remember: The big winners are often players who specialized early and let few other interests distract them.

- **The big leagues.** There are too many of them, both in the pros and among the colleges. Backed by big money, brought into the home by the big eye and manned by big players, these leagues have siphoned off interest in levels of competition that are closer to home and more essential to society's well-being. Among the hardest hit have been the high schools where in recent years there has been a widespread drop-off in sports participation, expenditures for athletics (when measured in dollars adjusted for inflation) and fan interest. Remember: The big winners are the leagues that attract the broadest public attention.

The effects of bigness are numerous—and not all bad. NBA telecasts featuring Magic Johnson, the prototypical outsized guard, are one of the minor delights of living in the U.S. But there's little question that bigness has had insalubrious consequences on the two most important figures in making sports serve society as a mold of correct competitive values: the young athlete and the coach.

These coaches and youngsters have been so infected by the exaggerated importance of winning in the upper levels of sports that they think it's O.K. for some kids to be turned into bench warmers at the age of 10 or 12, that it's all right

ETON MEETS ITS WATERLOO

No matter how many unseemly acts are committed in the name of sport, we continue to defend it, continue to urge our youth to participate in it. Why? Because deep down we believe it's good for kids, that it will mold them into strong, well-rounded adults. And while we deplore the dumb jock, the straight-A student whose only interest is his schoolwork also makes us uneasy. The bookworm, we tell ourselves, is one-dimensional, even unmanly. Ah, but the scholar-athlete, he's a different breed; he has, to borrow from Tom Wolfe, the right stuff.

The notion that sports are a valuable educational tool can be traced to two sources, ancient Greece and 19th-century England. To the Greeks, athletics were as crucial to the development of a healthy citizen and a healthy state as a cultivated mind. The guiding principle behind Greek education was that man must strive to achieve a sense of harmony and proportion between the exertions of the intellect and the body. Otherwise, wrote Plato, "the mere athlete becomes too much of a savage and the musician [or intellectual] is melted and softened beyond what is good for him."

Olympic competitors were frequently required to write poems or play a musical instrument, and Plato himself practiced what he preached. When not engaged in heady dialogue, he often wrestled, in fact, the nickname Plato—no one is certain what his real name was—is derived from the Greek word for "wide" and is believed to refer to his muscular prowess in the sport.

To the Greek idea that participation in athletics was a requisite for becoming well rounded, the English added the concept of character-building. According to this view, sports, especially team games, instill in the participant competitiveness, discipline, loyalty, leadership and perseverance in the face of adversity. Thus,

to shut lesser players out of the learning process while their bigger, faster, more agile teammates get the job done.

That job is winning. Just ask the high school coach whose star player was knocked out of the lineup by appendicitis before a key game last fall. The game was lost. The next day the coach had the team physician determine which players' appendixes were intact and tried to get the doctor to agree to remove them when the season was over.

We've done this to the coaches at every level. We've told them that it doesn't matter how clean they keep their programs. It doesn't matter what percentage of their athletes graduate or take a useful place in society. It doesn't even matter how well the coaches teach their sports. All that matters are the flashing scoreboard lights.

The colleges provide us with the clearest examples of this madness. They easily keep pace with the pros in the annual firing of coaches, and for the same unholy reasons. But the colleges should know better. Some schools say they do. Early last November a spokesman for Northwestern, a university respected for its high academic attainments, said it was the opinion of the school's hierarchy that football coaches "should not be fired because they can't win." On Nov. 18 the Northwestern football coach, who had won one game in three years, and the athletic director who'd hired him were both canned.

Good coaches are special. Their influence on young athletes is considerable—"more so than teachers, more so than Dad, more so than anybody," says former Notre Dame Football Coach Ara Parseghian—and they're not blind to that fact. Most of them handle this trust tenderly. When a coach winds up on the seedy side of recruiting, promising money, promising grades, or is caught teaching playing techniques that might get somebody hurt, it's usually his fellows who come down hardest on him. But coaches are also fully aware of the essential flaw in the system: They're asked to be noble teachers, but because schools need to generate wins and cash, coaches in revenue-producing sports are given all the job security of migrant workers.

John Robinson, the football coach at USC, has won conference titles and a national co-championship. He has also seen his program racked by the recent academic scandals. "Since I've been at USC, I've had death threats every year," he says. "I have to have a police escort out of the stadium. You say, 'Hey, wait a minute, it's only a game.' Only a game? You've got to be kidding. But at the same time I'm responsible and I'm criticized if my players don't go to class. Well, I could live with that. But changes must be made.

"If coaches are teachers, they should be given faculty status. I should be paid what a faculty member is paid. No more, no less. I should be given tenure. I'm invited to give

continued

"The Battle of Waterloo was won on the playing fields of Eton." Although the Duke of Wellington has been given credit for first uttering this most famous of all encomiums to sport, his biographers are convinced he never said anything of the kind. One points out that when Wellington left Eton in 1784, his character could hardly have been formed on the playing fields because the "playing fields were hardly formed themselves."

According to the most recent study of the duke's life, Elizabeth Longford's *Wellington: The Years of the Sword*, the closest thing to Wellington's purported statement was uttered by one Count de Montalembert, a French parliamentarian, who during a visit to Eton in 1855 said, "C'est ici qu'a été gagnée la bataille de Waterloo."

Two factors in particular were responsible for the surge of interest in athletics in 19th-century England. Between 1850 and 1870 the rules of many games were codified. When that happened, these sports assumed an immense importance at prestigious schools like Eton, Harrow and Rugby. And, in 1857, Thomas Hughes wrote a very influential and successful novel about a boy at Rugby, *Tom*

Brown's School Days. It depicts a Rugby in which games are the heart of school life, in which sports, not the faculty, are the indispensable teachers. Cricket, soccer and the school's namesake are described as nothing less than an "institution . . . the birthright of British boys old and young, as *habeas corpus* and trial by jury are of British men."

One legacy of England's devotion to the enduring qualities of sport is the Rhodes scholarship. In his will Cecil Rhodes stipulated that the fellowships were not to be awarded to "merely bookworms." Along with scholastic achievement, courage and moral fiber, candidates should have "a fondness for and success in manly outdoor sports." Again, the best and the brightest were those who had been reared on playing fields. During the heyday of British imperialism (Rhodes died in 1902, in the final stages of the Boer War), these were precisely the kind of men who saw to it that the Empire was well represented and well protected.

We no longer expect so much from Rhodes scholars, who, say some selectors, are being chosen almost exclusively for their academic attainment these days. Perhaps it has become impossible to come by truly outstanding scholar-athletes, candidates with credentials to rival those of Supreme Court Justice Byron (Whizzer) White, Army Colonel Pete Dawkins and U.S. Senator Bill Bradley. White was a Phi Beta Kappa and a consensus All-America in Colorado in 1937. Three years later, following his stint at Oxford, he was No. 1 in the NFL in rushing and among the top students in his class at Yale Law School.

Given the nature of the changes in pro and major-college football over the past 40 years, such an achievement would now be impossible, even for a White. That alone should tell us all we need to know about those changes. It also should tell us just how far sport in America has drifted from the Greek and English ideals we are so fond of drawing upon to defend it.

—BILL COLSON



The Duke of Wellington by Goya



100 speeches a year, and I accept most of those invitations to make extra money. If I'm going to function as a teacher, I can't give 100 speeches a year. I've got to say no. I'm not going to spend 35 days a year on the road recruiting. I'm going to stay home and behave like a schoolteacher."

By making insecure, even desperate men out of our coaches, we've diminished sports for the athlete. After what philosopher Paul Weiss calls the "normal pursuit of pleasure and competence, even excellence" early in a player's development, the demands of high-pressure coaching crowd out the "joy of sport" for the athlete. The exceptional performer seeks and finds other rewards for his efforts: athletic scholarships, acclaim, money. He discovers he gets special handling and unusual advantages for giving his all. Or, if he's talented enough, only some of his all. Then, says Weiss, comes the corruption, because the athlete soon sees what's really going on. The coach's desperation becomes the athlete's desperation: win and receive the fruits of victory now! So the coach and the player get about their business, not of competing but of winning. Their tactics may involve acts of violence that sometimes border on the criminal. Much more often they resort to off-the-field cheating.

Cheating defiles competition. If State pays its quarterback under the table and Tech doesn't, then State has created an unfair advantage for itself. The same is true if State bends its entrance requirements to get a player into school, or doesn't make him go to class, or allows him to take meaningless courses, or engages in any of the other corrupt practices that have been brought to light in recent months.

The NCAA now has more investigators than ever. This is called progress by some observers. It's not. It's an indictment of the system. When more and more cops are needed to keep competition clean, something is terribly wrong. Institutions that deal with youth should be so sensitive to rule bending, so repulsed by cheaters, so on guard against the athlete who "hears the cries of the crowd but never the rustling of a page," that cheating at such places would be rare.

We debate coaches when we gauge them strictly by how often they win.



But it's not. And the institutions don't always merely acquiesce in the corruption; don't always restrict themselves to saying to the coach, "Win, but don't tell us how you do it." Increasingly, academics and administrators appear to be taking a hand in tampering with grades and curricula, and alumni and other boosters have become bidders for some athletic departments, delivering the goods to prized recruits. An Eldorado for signing a grant-in-aid. Twenty bucks a rebound. A hundred for a win over Tech.

This must stop. The time has come to realize that a stand for sportsmanship won't knock the planet off its axis. And such a stand won't just put the colleges and their coaches and athletes right. More important, it will also benefit the kid who wants to play for the joy of it, who will never become a varsity-level athlete but could carry the lessons of sports with him into other areas of life, who is most cheered by the emphasis on winning over competing.

Certainly the current system cheats good athletes, too, by beginning to pamper them when they're still in junior high and by offering 16-year-olds the preposterous long shot of being a pro draft choice as a reasonable goal. In Georgia this fall the state education department investigated the reportedly "common practice" among parents of allowing their sons to repeat eighth grade in order to be in a better position to win football scholarships five years later. The investigators found a total of 49 such cases in 14 Georgia school systems this academic year. Dr. Cid Adamson, associate state school superintendent, described the practice as "psychologically damaging." The damage isn't limited to Georgia; similar repeaters were also reported in Texas.

Bill Russell, the Hall of Fame basketball player, believes that the high financial stakes in sports, which have spawned an army of lawyers and accountants, have hurt the most proficient players. We've undermined team play, Russell believes. Forget fundamentals. Win now. "The only kids being taught fundamentals are the less talented ones," he says. "The talented ones are just being exploited. So from the beginning it's a bad relationship between coach and player—a dishonest one. We have evolved into an era of style over substance. The same as what happened to the automobile industry. Everything's style. No substance."

But as shortchanged as the good player may be, especially when he leaves college as neither a draft choice nor a graduate, he's rarely as abused as the average or less-than-average athlete. When the role model for American sport shifted from the amateurs to the pros in the '50s and '60s, competition gradually swung to a new tack: the specialization of athletes. We came to believe that it was acceptable to take highly motivated, disciplined youngsters with ability and filter them through the athletic system toward a single goal: the pros. It would be all right for them to channel all their energies into one sport, to close off all other options, to be one-dimensional. And the success of the pros gave competition in sports a new end. One no longer played to learn courage or teamwork or to become a man. One played to continue to play. For money. For fame. Forever.

It can be argued that the excellence we enjoy watching in pro sports is an affirmation of that turn to specialization. New Jersey Senator Bill Bradley, former Princeton Tiger,

continued

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Rhodes scholar and New York Knick, says the pros represent the broadest participation in excellence that we now have in any area of life in the U.S. The result, says Bradley, is that you see feats in championship events "that you couldn't believe possible." Excellence that's uplifting. Not an opiate, but an uplift; one of the things sports does best.

Billie Jean King believes specialization is what makes champions. For her, any intrusion on the climb to the top was unwelcome. A boyfriend once asked her why she was in college, because all she did was rush to the library each day to read the sports page. "You're right," Billie Jean answered. "I hate school." College, she says, was her parents' idea.

But there's an awful tyranny in specialization, too. Dr. Spock was appalled while living in Cleveland to find parents bringing bleary-eyed little children to the ice rink at 5 a.m. to practice their figure skating. "That's not fun," he says, "that's a family conspiracy." The young competitive

specialist who went on to become a national champ or an Olympic gold medalist wasn't alone. There were thousands of other preteens doing exactly the same thing, believing that dogged determination would get them to the top.

We have fostered a generation or two of young people whose main goal in life, for a while at least, has commonly been to become better competitive athletes. They begin specializing in the little leagues, in many instances at the expense of education and social life. The young man who walks off the Olympic platform with a gold medal or out of a front office with a million-dollar pro contract will tell you it was "worth it." But what about the thousands who went into this system and didn't make it?

The sine qua non of sport is enjoyment. When you take that away, it's no longer sport. Perhaps the worst creators of specialists are the little leagues in all sports. Although some observers believe there's much of value in them, the

A BEACON OF INTEGRATED EXCELLENCE

Despite the recent scandals in intercollegiate athletics, the belief that success in sports and excellence in academics are complementary isn't dead. Here, for example, is a high school that has staunchly upheld that ideal for all but a couple of its 53 years

In the fall of 1957 Central High in Little Rock, Ark. won its 10th state football championship and extended its victory streak to 33 games. The following spring Central won its 20th Arkansas track and field championship in 22 years, and the theme of the senior prom was "Moonlight and Roses." All in all, a typical year for an exceptional high school. Except for one thing: the soldiers from the 101st Airborne and the National Guard who'd been stationed in the halls to ensure that nine black students got to and from class safely each day. By year's end Central High had become a landmark in the history of the civil-rights movement.

The next fall Governor Orval Faubus and the citizens of Little Rock decided that having no school was better than allowing black kids to study with white ones, so the only public high school in Arkansas' largest city stood empty—no classes, no prom, no nothing. Except football. After all, the team was riding a hot streak, and what could be allowed to interfere with that?

Central High may remain a symbol of bigotry and callous indifference to racial equality in the rest of the U.S., but in Little Rock, citizens proudly point to it today as a model inter-racial biracial school (56% of the 1,900 students are black). It consistently turns out Arkansas' top young scholars and athletes and places them in the nation's most selective colleges. These kids really produce: 24 state athletic championships since 1970; the nation's top high school newspaper in 1978, 14 National Merit finalists in 1980; SAT scores 46 points higher than the national average. No wonder 41 students from private schools transferred to Central last semester.

"During the '60s we were hell-bent to regain our excellence and to counter our image in the media," says Kaye Taylor, one of seven teachers who have been at the school since '57. "I often wonder whether we would have the spirit and quality we have today had we not gone through that critical period."

The consensus among Little Rockers is no. They know that

you value something more when it has been lost for a while. More important, they believed that the school and its traditions were worth preserving. Since it opened in 1927, Central has been the pacesetter for secondary education in the state. No schoolhouse in the country had cost as much to build (\$1.5 million), and soon after Central's completion, the National Association of Architects selected it as "the Most Beautiful High School in America."

From the beginning, students sensed that their school was special, and their achievements reflected that attitude. They also had another motive for excelling. "The teachers and coaches were very aware of the national image of Arkansas as being a backward, rural, partially uncivilized place," says Herbert Rule, Central '55, who's now a lawyer and member of the Little Rock school board. "They beat it into us that we were as good academically and athletically as any school in the nation. They made us feel the same pride that they did."

The most visible manifestation of that pride came on the playing field. Attending a Central game was and still is the thing to do on Friday night in Little Rock. In fact, says Rule, "The strong athletic tradition that the school had built over the years was a key reason the people never gave up on Central during the tough times. As a result, I can't think of another public high school in the country that has had a more felicitous integration of its teams and student body and more top-level performances in the classroom and on the athletic field by blacks as well as whites."

And girls as well as boys. Mary Madden is an 11th-grader who has competed in three state championship meets in two sports (swimming and track). She's also tied for No. 1 in her class academically with a 4.0 average.

Examples of such outstanding student-athletes are legion in Central's history, and two of the most notable are senior Scott McCord and Roosevelt Thompson, who's now a freshman in the honors program at Yale. Both were all-state football selections, Thompson as a guard and McCord as a center; both took the toughest courses the school offers—calculus, honors English, the works. Roosevelt, who also was president of the student body and the highest scorer in the state on the National Merit exam, made no

leagues have their critics. "Abolish the little leagues," says philosopher Weiss. "Forbid 'em," says sociologist Riesman.

To visit on small heads the pressure to win, the pressure to be "just like Mean Joe Greene," is indecent. To dress up children like pros in costly outfits is ridiculous. In so doing, we take away many of the qualities that competitive sports are designed to give to the growing-up process.

Sports psychologist Bruce Ogilvie laments "the sickening arrogance" of little-league coaches, too many of whom are unqualified. Some coaches, says another psychologist, Thomas Tutko, even "think sports is war." They make 8-year-olds sit on the bench while others play, learning nothing beyond the elitism of win-at-all-costs sport. Token participation—an inning in right field, a couple of minutes in the fourth quarter—can be equally demoralizing.

Adult-run little leagues can deprive children of the chance to grow naturally in sport, to learn for themselves about com-

petition's ups and downs. Organizing games. Playing them. Being their own umpires—perhaps the best teacher of all. With adults around, kids often don't have a place in which to absorb the hard lessons of sportsmanship without the small, inevitable failures being blown out of proportion.

And matters get worse when adults channel children into playing positions in team games that prevent the kids from experiencing all aspects of what makes sports so enjoyable. Eventually, physical development and skill limitations and sophistication will make such positions palatable. But a boy who's tasting football for the first time and is stuck permanently at right guard will never have the pleasure of running with the ball or passing it or catching it. Too many kids get bored right out of the game. Maybe all games. When you take the fun out, says Terry Orlick, a sports psychologist at the University of Ottawa, you risk turning a kid away from competitive sports.

continued

grade below an A in three years at Central. Scott, president of the National Honor Society chapter and a national award winner in Latin, has gotten one B. Roosevelt is black; Scott is white.

McCord was one of 10 all-stars on Central's unbeaten state championship team of last fall. At 6 feet, 200 pounds, he was the smallest member of an offensive line that averaged 225. Several of McCord's teammates will sign with major football schools, but the grade-in-hand route holds no interest for him. "I think college should prepare you for what you're going to do the rest of your life," he says, "and I don't want to play professional football." What he'd like to do is give football a try at a place like Yale while taking premed.

Obviously, no school can have too many Scott McCords and Roosevelt Thompsons, and Central has had more than its share. It also has always had something that is becoming more and more difficult to find in schools—teachers and coaches dedicated to helping students get the most out of themselves. "Close contact with teachers outside the classroom is the rule rather than the exception at Central," says Roosevelt. "That's what makes it so strong in extracurricular areas—a faculty willing to get involved."

This is especially true of the athletic staff. "I have to give the Central coaches high marks for stimulating academic performance on the part of the kids," says Rule, who played three years of football at Central. "And it's a genuine stimulus, not a false front."

That stimulus has been more concentrated than ever this year. Last April the Little Rock school

board raised the academic requirements for varsity athletes above the state minimum for all students.

Minimum eligibility rules are of no concern to boys like Scott and Roosevelt, but the lessons each believes he gleaned from participation in sports are. Scott cites the rewards of discipline and of finding out how to cope with various kinds of pressure. Roosevelt tells of learning to blend in with people of different skills and the importance of plain hard work and sacrifice.

"It wasn't until we won the state championship my junior year after having gone 6-6 the year before that I understood the difference hard work can make," he says. "Coach [Bernie] Cox always stressed that it was the key to being a winner, not just in football but anywhere."

In New Haven, Roosevelt, a prospective major in either history, economics or political science, has already become just that. While earning a starting berth on the Eli freshman football team and being a member of the Political Union, Athletes in Action, Black Athletes at Yale and the Calhoun College Council during his first semester, he continued to make outstanding grades. For the semester, he had a 3.75 average. "I feel I was as well prepared for the demands of Yale as anyone in my class," he says. "Central High may be a reminder of racial injustice, but it's also a beacon showing that a good education can be had in an integrated environment without violence."

Clearly, the kind of pride that Rule says his teachers and coaches "beat" into him is still alive and well. —B.C.



Central's strong athletic tradition helped it overcome its disgrace



The vacant lots other generations played on as kids may not be there now. But the fields our tax money has provided for organized play are there, and modification of the programs conducted on them isn't impossible. We might even consider turning the fields and the equipment over to the children, providing a qualified teacher or two (one coach, say, for every four teams) and then stepping back.

Specialization from the little-league cradle to the pro-sports grave and the other failings of athletic competition in America must be corrected. To do it, a kind of moral renaissance in sport is needed, a rebirth of appreciation of the value of athletics as a teacher. We can start by rectifying a big mistake. Much of our competitive sports system—win at any cost, style over substance, money over achievement—has grown out of the pro-sports model. The time has come to abandon that model; to reestablish what competition in sports is all about. One thing it's definitely not about is preparing athletes to become professionals.

The colleges must quit toadying to the pros, quit compromising their standards by coaxing subterfuge pocks through the system on the basis that it's good business—good for the schools, to win and fill the stadiums, and for the athletes, to make it to the pros.

When that's done, an interesting side effect may well develop: The high schools will have to go back to educating their athletes instead of just shuffling them up to the colleges. And then a whole generation of better-prepared players—for life, not just sports—will emerge.

Colleges should reemphasize the humanist qualities of competition in their sports. They should acknowledge the value of good coaches by giving them tenure or some other form of job security not so tightly tied to the numbers in the stands and on the scoreboard. That could well set up another chain reaction: secure in their work, less desperate to succeed, the coaches would stop cheating so much.

The time has come, too, to release the death grip recruiting has on coaches. It is a ritual akin to bribery and it distorts the competitive process. USC's Robinson is right. Coaches should first be teachers, not brokers and agents. There should be tight limitations on the amount of time coaches may spend on recruiting and on the distances they

are allowed to travel for talent. We might even examine possibilities as visionary as creating a sphere of influence, based on the number of high school athletes available, around each NCAA Division I school. Each coaching staff would have to confine its recruiting trips to its designated area. If an athletic prospect living outside the area is under consideration, coach and athlete could exchange letters or phone calls. It would never be necessary for Robinson to show his face in Boston.

As such burdens are lifted from college coaches, they will be free to resume their traditional roles as teachers of athletes and molders of teams, their most useful service to society. By stressing team play above all, by requiring self-sacrifice from all players, by insisting that athletes strive for excellence in their performances, not just victory on the field, coaches would imbue their charges with the lessons sports teach especially well. Says former UCLA Basketball Coach John Wooden, "Those who have the team concept will be better able to step into other areas of life and contribute very effectively, both for themselves and society."

COMPETITION, TEAMWORK AND SOCIETY

Although there is no precise correlation between trends in sports and those in the economy or in society at large, there is a link between these activities (see box on page 79). And certainly indications are that the non-sporting competitive instincts of young Americans are strong, very likely stronger than they've been in some time. Robert H.B. Baldwin, former three-sport man at Princeton, father of five and president of New York's Morgan Stanley investment bank, says, "In the late '60s and on into the '70s there were a lot of kids who went up to Vermont, saying, 'We're going to get away from it all.' Now youngsters are coming to New York and other cities, saying, 'Hey, the action's here.' Not long ago college kids seemed to want only to spout a lot of rhetoric. Now when you go on campus [as Baldwin often has in recent years to visit his children and to chair meetings of the Stanford Business School's advisory council], you find that the students are looking for careers. They're interested. They're competitive." Maybe too much so. According to several recent studies, the battle for good grades has led to a shocking increase in cheating on campus.

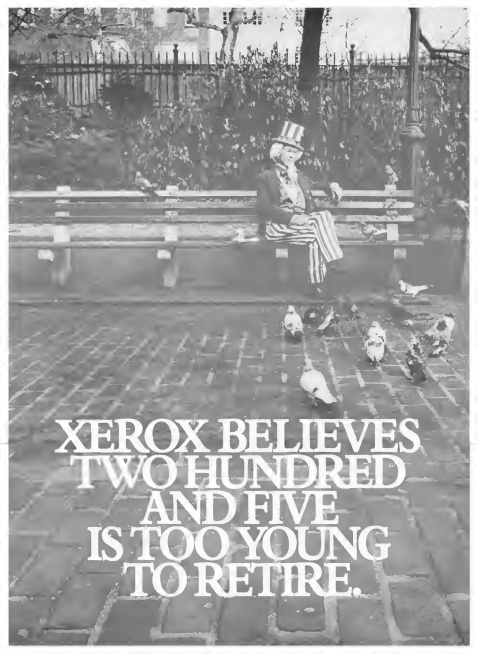
But these highly competitive young people aren't as strong on teamwork. MIT's Thurrow is all for competitiveness, but he points out that people's willingness to work together can have startling effects when applied to a nation's economy. A greater cooperative spirit, not a sharper competitive spirit, is what has made Japan and West Germany strong commercial rivals to the U.S. "The intriguing thing in Japan is that the boss—or team manager, if you like—gives few orders," Thurrow says. "They have this idea of the team deciding what the strategy is rather than just the manager. The argument is: If the team has decided something, everybody's gung-ho and will work at achieving the goal. If the team manager alone decides everyone should run through a stone wall, the team members won't do it because they haven't agreed that it's important."

Or, as William S. Anderson, chairman of the NCR Cor-

continued

We must stop looking on our young with visions of pro sports careers



A black and white photograph of Uncle Sam sitting on a park bench. He is wearing his iconic top hat with stars and stripes, a dark jacket, and striped trousers. He is looking down at a group of pigeons on the brick-paved ground in front of him. The background shows a park setting with trees and a fence. The text "XEROX BELIEVES TWO HUNDRED AND FIVE IS TOO YOUNG TO RETIRE." is overlaid in large, white, serif capital letters at the bottom of the image.

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Bradley says pro sports represent our broadest partaking in excellence

poration, put it recently, "The vast majority of Japanese workers have learned that the team concept works as well on the production line as it does on the athletic field."

Thurow points to two examples of the importance that individual Japanese attach to the success of the whole:

1) Many workers in Japan receive a third of their income from bonuses based on company profits, a form of compensation U.S. labor has been loath to accept.

2) Toyota is now the world's most successful automobile company, but its chief executive officer makes substantially less than the chairman of General Motors, the former champion among car makers. Yet the head of Toyota is not about to go to Subaru to get a higher salary. Sure, the Japanese like to be well compensated, which the Toyota man certainly is at a cool 80 million yen (\$400,000) or more a year, but it's very important—perhaps just as important—to be playing on the best team, too.

Although many business executives, including the heads of numerous major enterprises, are team-oriented and extremely loyal to their companies, Thurow sees a "narcissism and individualism gone wild" among some American corporate managers, whom he likens to free-agent athletes jumping from team to team for the biggest bucks. "They [the executives] are working for themselves and don't have any loyalty," says Thurow. "If you know you're going to hop between jobs every four years, are you going to do any long-run planning to help your current company?"

"Teamwork historically is, I think, the American way," says Akio Morita, chairman and co-founder of Sony. "But your managers too often forgot that. They got greedy; they viewed the worker as a tool. That has not been good for the American products or American companies, and it has hurt your competitive stature in the world."

Of course, Japan, a very special culture with its tradition of lifelong loyalty to a single employer, is far different from America, and there are aspects of Japanese society the U.S. wouldn't want to import, even if it could. But elements of Japan's concept of industrial teamwork have been implanted in Sony factories in four U.S. cities. The plants are run by

Japanese managers and staffed with American labor. Those factories have shown exceptionally low rates of absenteeism and faulty workmanship. How much better might such plants operate if staffed with Americans who grew up with a steady diet of teamwork in their youth?

A dramatic reduction in union grievances has been experienced at a General Motors assembly plant in Tarrytown, N.Y. in recent years after management, with the enthusiastic concurrence of United Auto Workers officials, involved workers directly in deciding how and under what conditions their work would be done. In an article in the *Harvard Business Review*, Robert H. Guest, a professor at Dartmouth's Amos Tuck School of Business Administration, quotes the production manager of the Tarrytown plant as saying, "From a strictly production point of view—efficiency and costs—this entire experience has been absolutely positive, and we can't begin to measure the savings that have taken place because of hundreds of small problems that were solved on the shop floor before they accumulated into big problems."

The team concept can, of course, mask passivity and a lack of ambition. But, on balance, teamwork is very likely just what American enterprise needs to vie more successfully for markets at home and abroad, according to Robert Zager, a vice-president of the Work in America Institute, an industrial-relations think tank. "Do we sell the U.S. worker short?" says Zager. "Absolutely. The assumption has always been that 100% of good ideas must come from 2% of the work force—the engineers, the managers and the like. That's nonsense. Most of us forget that it's miserable to work in a situation in which nobody thinks that you're of any real use—that you're just a pair of hands. I spent 20 years interviewing workers on the plant floor as a management consultant. I know they do care about their jobs, about the quality of their work and about working as a group, but they're frustrated because their opinions are not sought and because if they contribute an innovative idea, it could bring an end to their jobs. In Japan workers have job security; no one loses his job because of technological advances."

"When given the opportunity to work with management, the U.S. worker will produce as well as any worker in the world, and he'll work with a sense of team orientation. But the lead must come from management. It must start treating workers as productive members of the company. If a worker thinks management views him as irresponsible, then he will tend to act irresponsibly."

PURIFYING COMPETITION

And if the administrators of sport, from the high schools to the pros, want to show a greater sense of responsibility, they must drill into young players—especially black ones—the hard facts and figures about their dim chances for careers in the pros. (For example, of the 569,228 boys who played high school basketball last winter, about 50—or 0.009%—can expect someday to play in the NBA.) That's just one of the ways in which coaches can put the players' interests first. Another way would be to adopt a more laissez-faire attitude toward youngsters' competitive interests, to

continued

PRIDE IN BEING PART OF THE TEAM

During the 1949 Princeton football season, sophomore John McGillicuddy, a gutsy player who wasn't blessed with exceptional size, speed or agility, was not on the field for a single down. But by his senior year, McGillicuddy was starting at defensive back and returning punts for a team that would wind up 9-0 and be ranked sixth in the nation.

Today, at 50, McGillicuddy is the youngest chief executive officer in the history of New York City's Manufacturers Hanover Trust Company, the country's fourth-largest bank, with which he has spent all but eight months of his business career. Everything about him—from his gold tie pin and French cuffs to his softly lighted, spacious office overlooking Park Avenue—exudes success, and he is held in the highest regard in the financial world. In McGillicuddy's opinion, his playing days at Princeton, particularly those bench-warming Saturdays of 1949, helped him achieve the success and respect he enjoys today.

"When I look back on it now," he says, "I feel as much a part of the '49 team as of the '50 and '51 squads. I've come to realize that it's often the enthusiasm of the guy sitting on the bench that gets things going. The same is true in business. Leaders have to make a conscious effort to lend a sense of identity and purpose to each person's job. Otherwise a malaise develops; people begin to think that their doing good work is not important to the overall effort."

"The ability to make everybody believe that all the cogs are necessary to get the bigger wheels turning is what sets the very good teams and companies apart. Our Princeton team had it; IBM has it, the Japanese have it in spades—a sense of pride in being part of the organization. I don't know whether the managers at IBM have thoughts of themselves as coaches, but that's the role they've played. I'm certain I better understand this because of what I went through my sophomore year."

Many people, including some sports psychologists, are suspicious of claims that athletes can inculcate social values. They maintain there's no hard evidence that just because a youngster is exposed to discipline, teamwork and competition on the playing field, he'll turn out to be any more disciplined, team-oriented or competitive than a non-athlete. Perhaps, but you'd have a difficult time convincing men like McGillicuddy that sport doesn't at least reinforce, if not actually instill, valuable traits.

"And that's especially true if the participant isn't a gifted athlete," says McGillicuddy. "He derives a certain stick-to-itiveness

from trying to improve that the exceptionally talented player, for whom everything comes easy, often doesn't get."

"Athletics also develop a sense of continuums in a youngster, because everything doesn't neatly fall into place. The star of today can be the goat of tomorrow, and you live with losing as well as winning. So you learn to keep yourself on a plane that's realistic from an emotional standpoint. The same holds true for business. There are periods when things go well for you personally and for the corporation, and periods when they don't, but you know that you can't afford to get down or walk away from the problem."

"Finally, I don't think you make the kinds of sacrifices sports demand without becoming competitive and result-oriented. Athletics, of course, aren't the only way to hone the competitive spirit, but most of the people I've been associated with who were athletes are very competitive, and competition is one of the things business is all about."

But not the only thing. Though McGillicuddy is regarded as a hard-nosed banker—could anyone who returned punts without having the option to signal for a fair catch be anything else?—he has never acceded to the win-at-all-costs syndrome. He deplores the perversions of competition, whether they appear in little league or at USC, and in speeches he frequently dwells on the importance of sustaining one's familial and religious values in an increasingly competitive world. "John is a prime example of someone who has not compromised himself climbing the corporate ladder," says 1951 Heisman Trophy winner Dick Kazmaier, who roomed with McGillicuddy at Princeton and is now a Boston-area businessman. "In fact, he has risen to the top because of his high ideals, and he expresses them as he discharges his responsibilities."

By any standard, the Princeton teams on which McGillicuddy played were special: five All-Americans, 22 straight victories, two consecutive Lambert Cups. Yet whenever the players meet to reminisce, one of the first things they bring up is that the football team performed better in the classroom than the student body as a whole. Many went on to graduate school—McGillicuddy took a law degree at Harvard—and to distinguished careers in business, education and medicine.

"None of us feel that we're hot stuff now just because we happened to have been good football players," says McGillicuddy. "But I think we showed that a school doesn't have to bring a bunch of sweatshops in the back door to be competitive with the best." —B.C.



Banker McGillicuddy deplores the current win-at-all-costs attitude



allow them—even encourage them—to reject specialization.

And for preteen athletes there should be clear limits on specialization. In the past couple of years baseball's Little League and Pop Warner football have made positive changes in their "mandatory play rules." In Little League, for instance, each child must now play at least two innings in the field and get one at bat in every game. Unfortunately this curbing of specialization was not always welcomed at the grass-roots level. Some 1,800 teams pulled out of Pop Warner after the organization made rule changes requiring that each participant be given a minimum amount of playing time. If other little-league and age-group programs don't make such changes in their rules, then we should withdraw our support of them, let them wither and die.

The complaints can already be heard: If we do that, how are we to beat the East Germans in swimming? That's the whole point. Beating the G.D.R. may be nice, but it's not worth it if our 12-year-old girls become nothing but swimming automotons. That's not beating the East Germans, that's joining them. This is true in all international competitions, including the Olympics. They shouldn't be viewed as tests of national virtue. To that end, all the nationalistic trappings should be removed from the Games. Americans should remember that any competition, including the Olympics, is a test of individuals and teams in specific sports, not countries. The measure of U.S. success is a sporting country comes in how fairly its Olympians and other athletes play their games and in how well they apply the lessons they've learned in sports competition.

Most important, we must address ourselves to the task of putting big-time sports in a more reasonable perspective. That job cannot be left to the professional leagues, after all, they're the ones who profit from the emphasis on bigness. Besides, they only represent the upper end of the win-at-all-costs ladder that begins with little league.

We as a people must act. We must make it clear that we don't find a millionaire leftfielder worthy merely because of the numbers on his paycheck. That we don't much care for loudmouth owners. We must show that the competition on all levels—not just the commotion at the top—is what we enjoy. And what serves us best.

Pete Dawkins: "To win by cheating is not really to win at all."



How is such a subtle, elusive goal to be attained? It can't be legislated or otherwise imposed. It's a matter of altering attitudes, mostly by performing actions that are apparently small. Try applauding the next time you're at a baseball game and the other team's starting pitcher gives way to a reliever. On the tennis court, tilt your line calls in your opponent's favor, play the serve that might be an eyelash long. If we do enough of these little things, especially when our children are around, we can make competition a better, healthier thing. This is no dream. People have seen pure competition work. One of them is Pete Dawkins.

Dawkins is now a colonel in the U.S. Army. In the late 1950s he was a Heisman Trophy halfback at West Point, the First Captain of the Corps of Cadets and the most impressive young athlete of his time. Impressions, however, were then being made on Dawkins, too. The key words he remembers from MacArthur's exhortations to the Corps are. Dawkins believes, lost on most people. From "Upon the fields of friendly strife are sown the seeds that upon other fields, on other days, will bear the fruits of victory," Dawkins considers the key words to be "friendly" and "seeds."

He remembers that when he was a rugby player while a Rhodes scholar at Oxford, opposing players—"tired, often sutured, half of them sorely disappointed"—gathered after every game to share a cup of tea and a beer or two and then, more often than not, the evening together. Friendly strife. What a contrast, Dawkins says, "to the sad tableau of Woody Hayes viciously lashing out at the personification of his enemy—some opposing player with the audacity to obstruct Ohio State's path to victory." The occasion for competition, says Dawkins, is more important than the outcome.

Sports, he adds, must go beyond the formalities of good sportsmanship. They must reach all the way to "fair play." The essential difference, as Dawkins sees it, is that fair play involves taking a stand beyond the rules of the game—a stand that places your winning at risk, but "a stand that preserves the dignity and value of sport." It is a moral issue and is based on an inward conviction that, in Dawkins' words, "to win by cheating, by an umpire error or by an unfair stroke of fate is not really to win at all."

He cites two examples. In the U.S. Indoor Track and Field Championships one year, Mary Rand of England had been confused by the markings on the long-jump approach and had failed to qualify for the finals. America's Willye White saw the confusion and asked that Rand be given another chance. The request was granted. Rand qualified—and won the event, defeating White.

In the Winter Olympics of 1964, the British two-man bobsled team was going to have to withdraw from the competition because it didn't have a replacement for a bolt that had been sheared off its sled. Members of the Italian team heard about the problem, took a bolt from their spare parts and helped their rivals make the repair. The British team then won the gold medal.

"If athletic competition does teach," says Dawkins, "then what more valuable lesson is there to learn from time to time than that we have a responsibility to stand up for what is right." MacArthur spoke of seeds being sown. The seeds, says Dawkins, are values. What are ours?

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FOR THE RECORD

A roundup of the week Feb. 9-15

Corrected by N. BROOKS CLARK

[illegible]

BOATING—ROBIN, a 36-foot sloop skippered by Ted Hood, won the St. Petersburg-to-Port Lauderdale race of the SORC series with a corrected time of 43:43:37. First across the line was Jim Kibbey's 31-foot KALOA (last 38).

BOWLING—**EARL ANTHONY** defeated Tom Baker 218-202 to win a \$110,000 tournament in St. Louis.

BOXING—EUSEBIO PEDROZA mated in WBA featherweight title with a 12th-round knockout of Patrick Ford in Panama City, Panama.

DOG SHOWS—Ch. DEANDY'S FAVORITE WOODCHUCK, a 3-year-old dog, was owned by Robert Hays.

Johnny won best-in-show at the 103rd Westminster Kennel Club show in New York.

GOLF—PALE IRWIN shot a 23-under-par 265 to win the \$125,000 Hawaiian Open by six strokes over Don

JOANNE CARNER beat Det German by sudden death to win a \$400,000 LPGA tournament in St. Petersburg, Fla. They each shot a cat-under-par 215 over 54 holes.

[illegible]

HORSE RACING—FLYING PASTER (52 SR), ridden by Chris McCarron, defeated Docobesity on a disqualifying Section 3 win the \$159,200 San Antonio Stakes at Sante Anita. The 5-year-old covered the 1 1/4 miles in 1:40.55.

FLYING NASHUA (\$480), Angel Castano Jr. (up, from Minnesota Chief by a nose in win the \$47,400 San Vicente Stakes for 3-year-olds at Santa Anita (grass SB).

MOTOR SPORTS—RICHARD PETTY, averaging 165.651 mph in a Buick, won the Daytona 500. Bobby Allison placed second in a Pontiac (page 18).

SQUASH RACQUETS—MICHAEL DESAUNTIERS
beat Stuard Blum 18-16, 12-15, 15-9, 15-11 to win the
\$10,000 U.S. Prochampionship in Dorset.

TENNIS—JOHN McENROE defeated Guillermo Vilas 6-7, 6-4, 6-0 to win a \$300,000 tournament in Boca Raton, Fla.

ANDREA JAEGER beat Virginia Wade 6-3, 6-1 to win a \$125,000 tournament in Oakland, Calif.

TRACK & FIELD—SEBASTIAN COE established a world indoor record of 1:46.6 for the 800 meters in Cardiff, England. He surpassed the mark of 1:46.4 set by Carlo Grönqvist in 1977.

RENALDO NEHENIAH lowered his two-week-old world indoor record of 6.08 in the 50-yard hurdles with a time of 5.98 at the Maple Leaf Games in Toronto. At the same meet **EVELYN ASHFORD** established an American women's indoor record of 5.83 in the 50-yard dash. She beat her own year-old mark of 5.86 which had equaled that of Deandra Carmichael in 1971.

MILEPOSTS—MISSING AND PRESUMED DEAD
CONNIE KUNZMANN, 24, a forward for the Nebraska Wranglers of the WFL. Kunzmann was last seen leaving an Omaha tavern at 1 a.m. on Feb. 7. She was allegedly killed shortly thereafter by Lance E. Tóke, 23, of Omaha, who is now being held by Omaha police on a charge of second-degree murder. Authorities believe Tóke threw Kunzmann's body into the Missouri River.

DIED FRANK (Chuck) GENOVESE, 66, a scout with the New York and San Francisco Giants since 1940; of cancer, in Orlando, Fla. He was Willie Mays' first big manager in Trenton, N.J. in 1950 and as the Giants' Caribbean scout, he signed the Alou brothers—Pepé Mays and Jesus—Juan Marchat, Tito Fuentes and Manny Mota.

CECIL R. (Trey) THOMPSON, 75, goaltender for the Boston Bruins (1928-31) and Detroit Red Wings (1931-40) in Calgary, Alberta. A Hockey Hall of Famer, he was a member of the Bruins' 1928 Stanley Cup-winning team; he won the Vezina Trophy four times and had a career goals-against average of 2.14.

白粉病(ITS)

4. Andy Hayt 18.75—Eric Schweikardt 20.25—Rod Hansen—See net bar 22.25—Manny Mican pop 23.00
Schweikardt 26.00—Dick Rasmussen pop 26.00—Eric Schweikardt 26.00—Hank Muever pop 42.00—Carl Skaler 80.00
John D. Hessler pop 100.00—Rod Hansen 88.25—Andy Hayt 75.00—John Hansen 4.00

FACES IN THE CROWD

MARCOS AREOLA
Editorial



Marcos, a senior center forward on the Calexico High soccer team, scored 12 goals in a 20-1 victory over Calipatria to set a national high school record. He has averaged four goals a game in leading the Bulldogs to an 11-3-1 season.



MARITA WALTON
LAWSON, 1991-1992

Walton, a sophomore shotputter at Maryland, established a women's collegiate indoor record with a throw of 53'9 1/2" at a meet in Blacksburg, Va. She surpassed the mark of 52'6 1/2" set by Rosa Harach of Tennessee last winter. At the same meet, Funn, a junior at George Mason University, ran the 60-meter dash in 7.28 to better the women's collegiate indoor record of 7.31 and equal the national mark, both set by Brenda Mitchell of Tennessee State in 1979 and '80, respectively.

SHERRE FUNN
Asst. Editor

MERRILL, ALEXANDER
1900-1901

Alexander, 42, bowled three straight 268 games at Hart Bowl in Dallas, to become one of only 27 women ever to roll an 800 series. She teamed with Susie Revshley for a world-record 1,479 doubles total, five pins more than the old mark.

DICK PERCIBON
Singer, N.Y.



Ferguson, 29, the gymnastics coach at Salem High, guided his girls team to its fifth consecutive state championship. His boys recently won their fifth straight North Shore League title, but teams are undefeated in their last 116 meets.

CLAIRE MAGINTON
Lecturer in Education



Clare, 15, a 5'9" guard on the Central Junior High School girls' basketball team, scored 42 points in a 56-28 victory over West Junior High. She has averaged 35 points a game in leading the Mustangs to a 9-2 record.

1931

19TH HOLE

THE READERS TAKE OVER

Edited by GAY FLOOD

IMAGES OF PARADISE

Sir,
When I got home today I found two pieces of mail on the table. One was a letter from the college I most want to attend, concerning my admission. The other was the SI swimsuit issue (*Here's to the Soft Life*, Feb. 9). Guess which one I looked at first?

PETER BALDWIN
Grand Rapids

Sir,
Your Christine Brinkley bathing-suit issue arrived at my house on Feb. 5, my birthday. What else could a guy possibly ask for? Well ...

JOHN LEWIS
Brielle, N.J.

Sir,
Luckily, Christine Brinkley's annual photographic arrival at our office occurred at the precise time we became dependent over this deleterious financing period and another doleful winter. Christine, an old friend, is like the single-digit interest rate—both evoke images of paradise and are worth waiting for.

NEAL KLIPPEL
MICHAEL SMITH
Buffalo

Sir,
It's 5° below zero, my car has broken down (again) and my girl's 100 miles away. Sounds bad enough to write a country-and-western song about, right? It was, until the SI swimsuit issue arrived. You folks just ruined a perfectly good case of the midwinter blues.

GERRY DAVIES
Toledo

Sir,
"Flights of Fancy in Florida" freed me from my frigid February funk.

L.W. BOUSHA
Wausau, Wis.

Sir,
Chalk up another one for SI and Christine Brinkley. Both get more spectacular with age! DICK CUNNING
Santa Ynez, Calif.

Sir,
Seldom in the course of human history have so few women so little for so many!

DONALD W. SHINNERS
Wausau, Wis.

Sir,
I'm not one to look forward to your yearly bathing-suit illustrations, yet I've always been pleased by them. However, I question your choice of words on the last page of your lay-out. You say, "Her suit ...?" What suit?

RICHARD JUDE RENIS
Utica, N.Y.

Sir,
"Laved by wavelets"? Would that Shelley or Keats had seen Christine Brinkley; the English language would be richer still.

DUANE NOBBURG
Selma, Kans.

Sir,
We are students at St. Anselm's College. Our patron, St. Anselm, was most notable for originating the ontological argument for the existence of God. After reading your annual bathing-suit issue, we believe,

MICHAEL SHEEHAN
DON DONOVAN
CHARLIE GILMORE
DAN DELANEY
Manchester, N.H.

Sir,
Your swimsuit edition was disgusting, despicable, diabolical, demonic pornography—to say the least. There's trouble in America!

THE REV. PHILODOR H. LEMAY, M.S.
Attleboro, Mass.

Sir,
I am livid! Seething! If we had wanted to subscribe to a girls magazine, we would have. Those scantily clad dolls gracing your pages in provocative swimwear have no place in your magazine. When our children, ages 12 and 15, asked that they receive SI as a Christmas gift, I had no idea we would be in store for this stuff. Frankly, it stinks—and to think that your magazine is regularly read at our high school library. You owe a lot of people an apology for the inclusion of such irrelevant material in what is supposed to be a serious sports publication. Any more of it, and our subscription will be canceled!

EILEEN M. SHIPTENKO
Troy, Ohio

Sir,
I threw my son's copy in the trash can. Why not stick to covering sports with a healthy approach?

SALLY S. HORNER
Jacksonville

Sir,
I suppose I will be pegged as a prude, a puritan and a bit petty, but I must speak out on my anger and disappointment over the "gri-lee" issue. Your centerfold spreads of Christine Brinkley et al have absolutely nothing to do with the fine art of competitive sports. Obscene magazines are plentiful, and I hadn't considered that in *SPORTS ILLUSTRATED* I'd be in for another barrage of nudity. I personally hope this will be the last "fashion" issue wherein models display postures, poses and physiques in such a way as to make it dif-

ficult for the reader to know exactly what is being advertised.

BILL EATON
Minister
Garden City Church of Christ
Columbus, Ind.

Sir,
I am not an old square, but I do enjoy putting your magazine in my waiting room. If I wanted pictures like that, I would subscribe to *Penthouse*, *Hustler*, etc. Please clean up your act.

M.R. HAIG, M.D.
Port Arthur, Texas

Sir,
The Feb. 9 issue of *SPORTS ILLUSTRATED* illustrated more than sports! I, along with principals of other schools, found it very objectionable material to put in a school library. The pictures of the "bathing beauties" have no conceivable connection with the purpose of the magazine—sports reporting—and serve little other purpose than sexual stimulation. The use of these photographs was exploitative and put women in a demeaning role. Last year's swimsuit issue raised eyebrows; this year's raises serious questions regarding your magazine's worth. Please cancel our subscription and refund any balance due.

SISTER MAURIN RAPPETY, RSM
Principal
St. Teresa of Avila School
Albany, N.Y.

Sir,
As the mother of six children, including three boys, I would like to express my opinion concerning your annual bathing-suit issue. I have subscribed to SI since 1965 and have yet to find anything lewd or distasteful. I have also read with amusement the annual rebuttals and outcries against pornography, godlessness and SI's contribution to the sexual depravity of our youth, etc. These pious protesters would probably be surprised to find out just how many of their children are hiding in a closet, flashlight in hand, scanning the pages of *Hustler* or *Penthouse*.

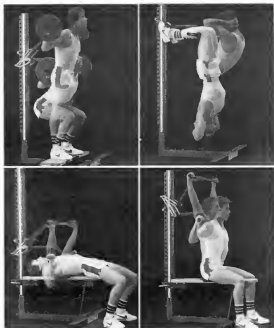
The young women in your swimsuit issue have consistently been healthy specimens of nature's assets: hardwork, so who can complain? The jealous? As usual, we enjoyed it.
GAYLE TOY DEAREN
Crossville, Tenn.

PARADISE LOST?

Sir,
Being concerned Florida citizens and aware of the "Trouble in Paradise" reported in your Feb. 9 issue by Robert H. Boyle and Rose Mary Mechem, we found it a devastating experience to see Carol Alt lying among

continued

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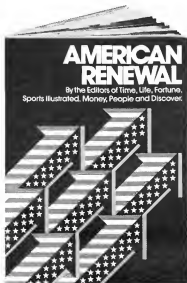
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A Reading on the Future by the Editors of Time Incorporated



In some twenty special reports running in the seven Time Incorporated magazines—TIME, LIFE, FORTUNE, SPORTS ILLUSTRATED, MONEY, PEOPLE and DISCOVER—our editors have just addressed our 68 million readers on a common theme: "American Renewal." All the stories are based on the idea that America can turn itself around... economically, politically, and socially... and that if solutions to America's current problems are thinkable, they are do-able.

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Time Incorporated

TIME LIFE FORTUNE SPORTS ILLUSTRATED MONEY PEOPLE DISCOVER

18TH HOLE continued

the sea oats on Shell Island. And to see the seeds of this important vegetation in her mouth was equally appalling. This single fruit is vital to the ecology of the sand dunes in our beautiful state. Picking sea oats or trampling them (by lying on them) is in fact a violation of state law. Had any of us been present during this action, a citizen's arrest would certainly have been our response.

The next time SI decides to bring this crew to Florida, we will gladly escort it to ensure that further devastation of our state's beauty is forestalled.

FLEET FRIDE
BILL PEDERSEN
MIKE HARRIS
RON HILL
Tallahassee, Fla.

• Fear not: SI's crew was aware of the vital role played by sea oats in stabilizing sand dunes and took pains not to disturb their delicate root system. A second look at the picture will reveal that Carol is posed not on the grass, but on a clear patch of sand.—ED

Sir:

I am willing to wager any amount of money that Robert H. Boyle and Rose Mary Mechem are Northerners who are jealous of the people who live in the Sunshine State. The water might be bad, but I'll take 65° over 10° anytime. Despite any minor environmental problems, the state is growing at an incredible rate. We just moved here and would never leave. Your crybaby environmentalism shows why SI should stick to sports and leave this type of garbage journalism to the bleeding-heart nature magazines that, unfortunately, seem to proliferate these days.

DAVID BRAN
Longwood, Fla.

Sir:

I was transferred from the West to Florida a year ago and moved into a nice quiet trailer park located in a part of Dade County that was considered farmland. Since then I've seen our country lane turn into a four-lane road, and I've watched a development give birth to more than 200 houses across the street. Gone are the cornfields and the wildlife that used to be my neighbors.

I don't know if this paradise can be saved.
M. CLARKE
Miami

Sir:

Twelve years ago the water behind our house on the north end of Old Tampa Bay was clean and clear. We swam in it and caught snook, redbait and speckled trout. I haven't dared swim there for the past nine or 10 years, and the only fish now are mullet and catfish.

L.C. LEACH
Tampa

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